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Agricultural.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The past week we had the pleasure of attending the annual sheep shearing of the Macomb County Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association. The shearing was held on Thursday at Romeo, and the day previous was devoted to visiting the flock of Mr. J. C. Thompson, about two miles from town, where we had long ago promised a visit. We found Mr. Thompson, as we expected, among his sheep, and the welcome he extended showed that he was pleased to have a chance to "talk sheep" a little. Of course the first thing was to go over the sheep, and handle some of the ewes selected for the shearing next day. There are 54 breeding ewes in this flock, bred mostly from stock of the Sanford and Ellsworth flocks of Vermont. This year's crop of lambs are mostly from the ram Zack Chandler, by Clark's Moses, dam L. P. Clark's 64. We did not see him, as he was at the Goyer Brothers, who own a half interest in him. His lambs, however, speak for him, and his yearlings, of which Mr. Thompson has a number, show his quality as a stock ram. Of this year's lambs there are some very fine ones, big boned, well shaped, and of good style. Mr. Thompson also uses the stock rams Old Dan 135, bred by R. N. & O. F. Atwood, of Vermont, and the Burwell ram known as Bismark Jr., a half brother to Mr. Ball's Star Bismark, recorded in the Vermont Register as L. S. Burwell's 27. He also has a half interest in a ram sired by the Burwell ram, the other half being owned by Mr. E. Randall, a Macomb County breeder.

At the shearing next day we had a chance to see some of the stock bred by Mr. Thompson, and they comprised some good ones. A ram from Old Dan 135, out of an Atwood ewe owned by Mr. Thompson, shown by B. Chapel, of Disco, is a remarkably good animal, standing low on his legs, with a short thick neck, broad back and good hind quarters. In fact he was good all over, and his fleece, 27 lbs. 6 oz., was very bulky and would show a large amount of scoured wool. In fact, Mr. Thompson's flock carry a fine quality of wool, long in the staple, not excessively oily, and with a beautiful crimp. The blood of Moses in Old Zack has undoubtedly helped the quality of the fleeces. He showed us a ewe lamb which is one of the best we have seen this year, and will make a remarkable sheep when grown.

This is a very fine farm, easy of access from Romeo, and one that will grow anything. The enormous straw stacks, partially used, show what last season's crops were. Besides sheep, Mr. Thompson also pays some attention to thoroughbred hogs, and he has some choice Poland-Chinas from which he is breeding. The cattle on the place are all high grade Shorthorns, mostly bred from the bull Rufus, owned by Geo. W. Phillips. They are kept for use, but one roan heifer, a yearling, would do no discredit to a ring of thoroughbreds, and if in Canada would be looked upon as entitled to registry. Mr. Thompson is a strong admirer of the Shorthorn, and it would not surprise us to see him start a herd of thoroughbreds.

After dinner we drove around the country, bringing up at the residence of Mr. Geo. W. Phillips, where we had a look at his new bull, lately purchased by him from Mr. Amos Wood, of Mason. He is a nice looking animal, rather thin, but Mr. Phillips said he had been run down before he got him, but is now doing well. He is a well bred animal, with good lines, a deep red in color, and as Mr. Wood is a strong breeder, will be apt to mark his stock so they can be recognized. We also had a look at the old veteran Rufus, purchased by the Agricultural College when a calf, at the N. Y. Mills sale. He is showing his age, but looks vigorous for an animal as old as he is. Mr. Phillips

then led out the old thoroughbred son of Glencoe, which we have before mentioned in the FARMER. He is now old enough to vote, and seemed ready to take a hand in anything that promised a little fun. His legs are as clean as a colt's, and his large bold eyes, small ears, beautiful head with wide nostrils, his arched neck, which he carries as proudly as a game cock, show how strongly the characteristics of the thoroughbred assert themselves wherever found. It would be a close observer that puts his age at over twelve years, and he is a better horse to-day than four-fifths of the horses are at that age. From here, after a short visit with Mr. Phillips, we drove back to Mr. Thompson's, where we found very comfortable quarters for the night.

In the morning the first thing we heard was the patter of rain drops, and a lead colored sky gave little encouragement for a fine day for the shearing. However, preparations went forward, and when once the rain stopped a start was made for Romeo.

THE SHEARING.

The forbidding aspect of the weather undoubtedly kept many away, and at first it looked as though the show of sheep would be very light. As the day gradually cleared up, however, loads of sheep began to come in, and the officers of the Association lost the anxious look their faces had worn early in the morning. The shearing was to take place in a lively stable, about a block from the main street, and the officers of the Association soon had things in working order. Mr. George Phillips, President of the Association, Mr. C. J. Phillips, Secretary and Mr. John McKay, Treasurer, were very active in their endeavors to have everything go off well, and Messrs H. T. Bancroft, J. W. Thompson and J. C. Thompson, committee of arrangements, ably seconded them.

The following is a list of the sheep shown:

E. L. Connors, of Metamora, showed the ram Acme, owned by Dr. D. F. Stone of same place. He was sired by Burwell's 22, dam by Burwell's Bismark 221. Messrs Connor & Fellows of Metamora, have started a flock of thoroughbreds, mixed bloods, and are using this ram. He sheared the heaviest fleece of the day, 31 lbs. 3 oz.

Dr. W. W. Andrus of Utica, showed two rams. One of them was a three-year-old, sired by Taylor's Genesee, known as No. 48 of the Andrus flock, and the other, a two-year-old, sired by No. 48, and out of a ewe by Old Addison. The Doctor has a flock of about one hundred, all of this blood. The rams sheared nice fleeces, with good length of staple, and of light weight for their bulk.

J. W. Thornton showed 19 head, ten ewes, eight two year old bucks, and a ram lamb. One of the ewes, bred by Mr. J. C. Thompson, sheared the heaviest ewe's fleece, with one exception, during the day, 18 lbs. 3 oz. from 350 days' growth. His sheep were in good fit, and looked well.

Eli G. Perkins & Son showed three rams and four ewes. The record of their shearing below will show their quality. This flock was bred from stock of the S. B. Lush flock, and the young stock shown was sired by Macomb, a son of Genesee, owned by Mr. Thornton.

B. Chapel, of Disco, showed ram Hibbard, bred by Mr. Thornton, sired by J. C. Thompson's Old Dan 125, and from an Atwood ewe. He is a good one, and as Mr. C. is just starting in thoroughbreds will do him an immense amount of good.

J. C. Thompson showed seven ewes and two rams, one of them Old Dan 125. The ewes we had looked over while at Mr. Thompson's, and a better lot it would be hard to find, either in shape or fleece. They were very well covered on the head, belly and legs.

P. M. Bently, Jr., of Davis, showed three yearling rams, three of two years old, and one a yearling. This flock was started from that of his father, P. M. Bently, Sr., who showed two rams, one five and one two years old. His flock originated from stock of the old Russ flock at Cambridge, Lenawee Co. The five year old ram was bred by W. B. Porter, of Vermont. Three of the rams shown were from a ram bred by J. C. Thompson, and sired by Old Dan 125. They were very similar in style and appearance, and very attractive. A yearling ewe of the same breeding was a beauty. A pair of two ewes, two years old, were from a ram bred by J. S. Bamber of Highland, from his ram Pony, and were a credit to their breeders.

C. E. Lockwood, of Washington, showed four ewes—two yearlings and two three years old. His flock are pure Atwoods from the Hammond and Sanford flocks. His stock ram is Nicholas of Clark's Moses, dam Clark's No. 20, tracing to Old Favorite. He also showed a ram known as Porter's David, now six years old, and one bred by Wm. De Long, a heavy fleeced sheep, of good style.

J. M. Thornton, Romeo, showed four yearling rams, four yearling ewes, three-year-old ewes, and a three-year-old ram. Two of the yearling rams were by Moses, a son of Clark's Moses, and two by Rip Van Winkle, a son of Rip Van Winkle. The ewes were of Atwood blood. The yearlings were also by Mr. Thornton's Moses and Rip Van Winkle; a ram called Napo-

leon, sired by Moses, was also among the lot. Mr. Thornton had a fine lot of sheep. Two other entries were made, one of a ewe by Mr. E. L. Mosher, bred by F. G. Mosher, and a ram of Adrian Taylor's breeding by Mr. A. Watson, but we did not see either of the owners.

Had the day been a fair one, there would have been a big show, and under the circumstances it certainly was a success. The following is the record:

RAMS.									
OWNER.	No. in Lot.	Age.	Weight of Carcass.	Weight of Fleece.	Length of Staple.	Days' Growth.	Days' Growth.	Days' Growth.	Days' Growth.
J. M. Thornton.....	121	2	130	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	107	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	6	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
Eli G. Perkins.....	106	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	47	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
P. M. Bently, Jr.....	71	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	13	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
P. M. Bently, Jr.....	86	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	92	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
C. E. Lockwood.....	247	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	247	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
D. F. Stone.....	20	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
A. Watson.....	351	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18

EWES.									
OWNER.	No. in Lot.	Age.	Weight of Carcass.	Weight of Fleece.	Length of Staple.	Days' Growth.	Days' Growth.	Days' Growth.	Days' Growth.
J. M. Thornton.....	32	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	13	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	106	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	116	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	38	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	39	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	41	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	42	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	43	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	44	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	45	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	46	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	47	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	48	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	49	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	50	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	51	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	52	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	53	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	54	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	55	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	56	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	57	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	58	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	59	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	60	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	61	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	62	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	63	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	64	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	65	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	66	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	67	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	68	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	69	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	70	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	71	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	72	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	73	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	74	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	75	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	76	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	77	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	78	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	79	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	80	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	81	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	82	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	83	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	84	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	85	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	86	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	87	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	88	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	89	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	90	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	91	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	92	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	93	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	94	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	95	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	96	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	97	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	98	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	99	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
do.....	100	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18

PUBLIC SHEARING AT KALAMAZOO.

The first annual sheep shearing of the Sheep Breeders' Association of Southwestern Michigan was held in a large open building near the depot of the G. R. & I. R. R., in Kalamazoo, on Wednesday, May 2d. Breeders were present from Allegan, Van Buren, St. Joseph and Kalamazoo counties, to exhibit and to shear their sheep. The local interest in the shearing was not very great, but the attendance of sheep men from a distance was good, and the shearing tables were continually surrounded by critical observers, examining the quality of the wool and points of excellence in the sheep.

It is a puzzling question to determine what the requirements of those who intend to purchase sheep are. The public shearings are really public advertisements of the different breeders, who show and shear their sheep with the view of selling their surplus stock to those wishing to improve their flocks up to a higher standard. The crucial test of what is really needed, as far as the wool is concerned, is the market demand. The intending purchaser of a ram knows what quality of wool sells best in the market, and desires to improve his flock in the direction of this idea. For instance, he may wish a long staple, white fleece as the out-put of his flock, and attends the shearing to select his sheep. He looks first at the general style of build and then at the quality of the wool; if it is long and white he becomes at once interested, if his previous inspection of form is satisfactory, but the breeder knows that the decisive question is not yet propounded, viz., "what does he shear?" If told, as he probably will be, 18 to 20 pounds, he says at once "I don't want him; I must have a ram that will shear at least 25 pounds," and so we go on adding a pound or two each year to the weight of the fleece to satisfy the demand for heavy shearers. The popular style of wool within the domain covered by this association, as indicated by the interest manifested, is the long staple, white fleece. The ram coming nearest the ideal in this respect was exhibited by S. Olney, of Leonidas, St. Joseph County. This ram was sired by Rich Banker, bred by

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do.....	13	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
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D. F. Stone.....	20	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18
A. Watson.....	351	2	125	24	2 1/2	18	18	18	18

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The costs and expenses allowed by law in case of a foreclosure.
Dated Detroit, this 23d day of April, A. D. 1893.
JOSEPH KUHN,
WILLIAM LOOK, Assignee of Mortgages.
Attorney for Assignee.

MICHIGAN FARMER

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The Michigan Farmer

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DETROIT, TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1883.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week have been 11,116 bu., while the shipments were 405,106 bu. The visible supply of this grain on April 28 was 20,781,911 bu. against 10,577,543 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882. This shows a decrease from the amount in sight the previous week of 419,638 bu. The exports for Europe for the week were 1,019,920 bu., against 794,619 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 8,452,632 bu. against 5,202,143 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882. The stocks in this city on Saturday amounted to 1,094,450 bu., against 1,458,236 last week, and 76,012 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882.

The course of the market the past week is shown very clearly by the table of prices. The certainty that winter wheat will be nearly a failure in some States, below the average in others, and only fair in the most favored, has caused a change in the position of the market, and a steady advance in values. The advance in wheat has also caused a corresponding advance in flour, with holders very firm in their views.

Yesterday the market opened weak, declined below Saturday's figures, but finally recovered a part of the loss and closed steady.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from April 16th to May 7th:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5
April 16	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
April 17	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
April 18	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
April 19	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
April 20	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
April 21	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
April 22	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
April 23	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
April 24	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
April 25	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
April 26	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
April 27	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
April 28	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
April 29	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
April 30	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
May 1	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
May 2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
May 3	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
May 4	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
May 5	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
May 6	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
May 7	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2

Rejected closed at 75c per bu., one week ago at 72c.

In futures the market has been unsettled, the various desks showing different degrees of strength. The following table will show the fluctuations from day to day in the various desks during the past week:

	May 1	May 2	May 3	May 4	May 5	May 6	May 7
Tuesday	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Wednesday	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Thursday	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Friday	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Saturday	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Sunday	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2

Crop reports have been much less favorable the past week, and it is very certain that the outlook for the growing crop is much less favorable than two weeks ago. The cold dry winds, added to the lack of moisture in the soil, has in many sections completely killed out the plant where it had been enfeebled by the long winter. This we know to be the case in Michigan, and from a party just returned from Ohio, where he had been selling machinery among the farmers, we learn that many of them were plowing up their fields. In some sections he said this was quite general. The report of the Department of Agriculture, on April 1st, foreshadowed a probable deficiency in the winter wheat crop, as compared with 1882, of about 82 millions of bushels. The first two weeks in April, under more favorable conditions, made the prospects much better, but since then the wheat fields have suffered severely, and we think the next report of the Department will show the condition of the crop to be less favorable than a month ago. The rains of the past few days have been very timely, and wherever the plant has not been killed out entirely will help it wonderfully, but in nearly every field there are spots where it is dead beyond redemption.

By the way, the daily press has been reporting the most wonderful prospects for the wheat crop in Kansas. The April report of the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture of that State has appeared, and it puts a very different face on the winter wheat prospects. It says:

"The wheat crop in the southeast and far west portion of the State will be poor. The early snow will be almost an average one, however, on account of local showers. One-fifth of the State as represented by these two sections will have from present indications 75 per cent. of an average crop. The rest of the State, outside of the 10 counties comprising the wheat belt, has about held its own in an average crop, and will make 85 per cent. of an average crop. In the wheat belt proper the 13 counties lying very nearly in the center of the State, and Johnson, Cherokee, and Crawford counties, the condition is as promising as a fall average one. It is 95 per cent. of 7 below the average. Very little spring wheat is planted, the falling off in acreage being 75 per cent. Its present condition is about 25 per cent. below the average, so that but little spring wheat will be harvested."

This is certainly not a very favorable exhibit. So far as spring wheat is concerned, there is no doubt but that a considerable increase in the acreage has been made, but all reports of its condition, etc., are premature, as in many sections it is not yet above ground, although from the glowing reports published one would infer it was ready to harvest.

We notice that the Chicago Tribune takes the same view of the results of the publishing of highly colored reports of the crops, and the effects upon the foreign markets. That paper says:

"There can be no doubt that the bearishness here on futures, generally experienced about this time of the year, is a very bearish argument on the English market. The people on the other side of the Atlantic naturally conclude that folks here know what they are doing when they heavily discount the future."

Such reports exercise a strong influence on prices, and have caused farmers to lose thousands of dollars by depreciating the value of their crops. Liverpool no longer governs the price of wheat. Its sceptre has departed, and Chicago now is the principal wheat market of the world. The Liverpool market will hereafter be governed by the price of wheat in Chicago, as this country is now the main reliance of Great Britain and Europe for breadstuffs.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Saturday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	April 28	May 5
Wheat, No. 1 white	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
do do do	11s. 11d.	11s. 11d.
do do do	11s. 10d.	11s. 10d.
do do do	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
do do do	11s. 8d.	11s. 8d.
do do do	11s. 7d.	11s. 7d.
do do do	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
do do do	11s. 5d.	11s. 5d.
do do do	11s. 4d.	11s. 4d.
do do do	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
do do do	11s. 2d.	11s. 2d.
do do do	11s. 1d.	11s. 1d.

ments were 8,166 bu. The visible supply of this grain in the United States and Canada on April 28, was 981,696 bu., against 1,167,532 bu. the previous week, and 609,185 bu. the corresponding date in 1882. This shows a decrease in the visible supply during the week of 185,838 bu. The stocks held in this city on Saturday last amounted to 1,889 bu., against 4,028 bu. the previous week, and 2,554 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882. There is nothing new to note in the barley market, beyond the steady reduction of stocks that is going on at all points. While there is not the slightest activity shown by buyers, it is evident that consumption is going on at a steady rate. But few sales have been reported here for some days, and prices remains at their former range, namely, 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 per cent. for ordinary to good samples, and 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 per cent. for choice. In Chicago the market is in about the same condition as our own, quotations ranging from 82 to 85c per bu. for No. 2 western, and 55c for No. 3 do. The New York market is quoted dull at 85c per bu. for No. 2 Canada, and buyers holding off.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

The improvement in our local market noted last week still continues, and good butter is in active demand at 20 1/2 to 21c per lb. for selections, while creamery is quick at 20 1/2 to 21c. Considerable amounts of the latter have been received the past week, but it was all wanted. The arrivals of fresh made butter of good quality have caused low grade stock to be entirely neglected, except when a fifth rate hotel or the larder of a mud scow is being stocked. In the Chicago market there is considerable depression, and prices on all grades have declined. Only the very choicest butter shows any strength. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery, 27 to 28c; fair to choice do, 24 to 26c; choice dairy, 18 to 20c; fair to good do, 13 to 17c; common grades, 12 to 13c. The New York market has ruled steady for all grades of good butter, and prices on them have been maintained. The Commercial Bulletin says of the markets:

"Details of the general market do not differ to any material extent from those noted for a week past. The supply of fine stock is quite scant and a demand prevails full enough to keep the floors well cleaned up, while former rates are maintained without difficulty. There is nothing to indicate any positive advance over 34c for Welsh and 32c for half-tubs, though it is fair to note that some receivers, able to show somewhat above the average run of what is called best quality, have found appreciative customers willing to pay a premium for the selection. Faulty goods are somewhat unsettled, and we note a desire to prevent an accumulation of white butter, on the supposition that it will soon be out of favor. Creamery goods still run a little off in quality, though, on advice at hand, some of our receivers are hopeful of soon getting a better grade from this State. Low grades of all kinds are under neglect and uncertain as to value, but the general tendency is weak."

In that market quotations on new State stock are as follows: Fancy creamery, 31c; choice do, 29 to 30c; fair to good do, 24 to 25c; ordinary do, 17 to 20c; fancy tubs and pails, 26c; choice do, 23 to 25c; good do, 19 to 22c; and fair do, 16 to 18c per lb. New Western is steady except for the lower grades, which are a little lower. Quotations are as follows:

Western imitation creamery..... 18 @ 20
do do do..... 18 @ 20
Western dairy, ordinary to fair..... 13 @ 15
Western factory, choice current makes..... 15 @ 17
Western factory, fair to good..... 12 @ 14
Western factory, ordinary..... 10 @ 11

Cheese is very quiet, in this market, and nothing of interest has occurred here since our last report. Old cheese is firm at 16 to 17c for best makes of full cream State, with little movement of stock. New cheese has made its appearance in small quantities, and dealers quote 13c per lb. for finest selections. The firmness noted at other points will probably strengthen the market for new cheese here. In Chicago the market is quoted firm for fine stock, which is very scarce, while poor stock is dull and weak. Quotations there are as follows: Full cream cheddars, 14 to 15c; full cream flats, 13 to 15c; flats slightly skimmed, 11 to 12c; common to fair skims, 8 to 9c; low grades, 3 to 6c per lb. The New York market has steadied up for new cheese under lighter receipts than was expected by the trade, and an active demand. Quotations there are as follows:

State factory, prime..... 13 1/2 @ 14
do do do..... 13 @ 14
State factory, skims..... 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2
Creamery skims, choice..... 7 1/2 @ 8
Creamery skims, fair..... 6 1/2 @ 7
Skims, poor..... 5 @ 6

Old cheese is practically out of the market. The Commercial Bulletin, of Saturday, in its weekly review says:

"The firmness of yesterday has become more pronounced, and we find a pretty strong position all around, with the indications pointing to a cleaning up sale of everything worth handling. The best new factory stock will command 13c readily and some small lots are known to have done better still, while of 1 1/2 per cent. most at about 12c. Full skims also come in for a good share of attention, and the best are reported at 7 1/2 to 8c, with none likely to carry over. The situation seems to show that most of the best lots were taken by two or three operators, and as nearly all shippers have been in receipt of orders this week they are compelled to run around quite lively in consequence of small arrivals, and thus throw the advantage in favor of the receiver."

The Liverpool market is quoted steady at 68s. per cwt. for choice American cheese, a decline of 1s. 6d. per cwt. during the past week.

WOOL.

There is a little more interest being manifested in the wool market by both dealers and manufacturers. The sales of wool in Boston the past week foot up 1,373,440 lbs. of domestic and 237,500 lbs. of foreign, a total of 1,610,940 lbs., against 2,130,000 lbs. for the corresponding week of last year. The inquiry is more active, and where such wools as were wanted could be found they were taken freely. The supply of wool in that market, and in other eastern markets also, consists principally of X fleeces, California, odds and ends and pulled wool. There is a small stock of XX and No. 1 wools, and good medium unwashed and of all grades of combed and delaine. The stocks have also been picked over so much that every-

thing desirable has been selected out, and are therefore not very enticing to manufacturers. Prices are about the same as for the past three weeks, with a somewhat stronger tone to the market. Michigan X and above is quoted at 38 to 39c, Michigan No. 1 at 43 to 44c, XX Ohio at 42 to 44c, X do at 40 to 42c, No. 1 do at 44 to 45c, New York and Vermont X and above at 35 to 37c, and No. 1 do at 42 to 43c.

In regard to the woolen goods trade the Boston Bulletin says:

"The condition of the woolen trade is irregular, and cannot be regarded as dull and unsatisfactory in all branches when an actual increase is being made in the capacity of mills upon some lines of goods. Staple cassimeres and suitings have sold slowly, and there is a general feeling of aggregate of orders booked for heavy weights of such goods thus far this season is not over 60 per cent of what it was at this time a year ago. This statement can be seen in the case of some of the leading cassimeres mills. A growing preference for fancy styles has had something to do with the neglect which staples have experienced, but more has been due to the general conservatism of buyers, and some of the largest clothiers in Boston have not yet given an order for heavy-weight cassimeres."

"What we said only last week about the desirability of turning more of the looms of our unprofitable cassimeres mills to the production of worsted goods has since been emphasized in several ways. The managers of one of the largest and most successful flannel dress goods companies are announced as about to build a worsted mill at Maynard, Mass."

"An increase is also being made in the amount of machinery on flannel dress goods, though whether the future will approve the continued expansion remains to be seen. The largest mill in the country on these fabrics has five more sets of machinery. Another is putting in a still greater number. A new 12 set mill is being fitted up at New Bedford for the same class of goods; and samples of similar goods from the new machinery have been opened from mills at North Berwick, Me., Lowell, Mass., Natick, Conn., and Waterville, Me., which have never before produced them."

As the effects of the tariff revision are now being discussed, we give another column the opinions of various parties who should be well qualified to speak understandingly upon this subject, and here we give the following extract from the circular of Walter Brown & Co., of Boston.

"The present prices of fine domestic fleeces leave but little, if any, margin for importations of competing stock, even at a reduced tariff. The reason for this is not so much that it is not so profitable to import, as it is that the domestic supply is so large and so well adapted to the requirements of the trade during the year and with a fairly profitable result, to those who use judgment in their wool operations."

THE WOOL TARIFF.

TUESDAY, APRIL 30th, 1883.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—Will you give the facts concerning the revision of the tariff, as to how it affects our Michigan X "delaine," washed and unwashed wool? Dealers in this vicinity and in fact all over the State, are trying to impress it on flockmasters that the revised tariff will cause a reduction of from three to five cents per pound on wool grown in Michigan. If you will answer these questions in your next issue you will oblige your readers in this vicinity, and also

HENRY WILSON.

In the last issue of the FARMER Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, who has made the subject of the tariff a study for years, gave it as his opinion that the revised tariff would make no difference whatever in the price of Michigan wools, when once the market had recovered from the unsettled condition it was thrown into, in common with most other materials and manufactures, by the long agitation of the subject in Congress. There will undoubtedly be an effort made by manufacturers and dealers to squeeze prices of wool down by urging the revision of the tariff as a reason therefor, but they must know perfectly well that this argument is without foundation in fact. There are several reasons, however, that may cause prices of wool to rule slightly lower than last season. The most important of these is the unsatisfactory condition of the woolen goods market at present. Manufacturers are working on smaller margins than ever before, and the tariff agitation affected them very seriously. We do not believe, however, that woolen manufacturers have been at all hurt by the new tariff, and when they have become thoroughly assured of this there will be less talk about lower prices for wool.

Hon. Justin L. Morrill, U. S. S., has lately made a tour in the South. On his return, while in Washington, a gentleman who occasionally corresponds with the *N. Y. Tribune*, met him, and reports the interview in that journal.

Senator Morrill's eminent character, his knowledge and experience, and his friendship to the wool-growing interest, make his opinions valuable. He was asked if he had seen the criticisms of Senator Sherman, of Ohio, on the tariff bill. After saying that he thought the revised tariff not perfect, but on the whole satisfactory, he continued:

"Senator Sherman appears to complain that the reduction of the duty on wools is greater than that upon woolens. I think this is an error, and that the general reduction of wools is a larger percentage, and ten-fold greater in the aggregate. The specific duty of 10 and 12 cents per pound is the only trustworthy protection the wool-grower ever had, or can have, and that is still to remain the same, while the highest rate of 12 cents per pound will hereafter apply to wools valued at over 30 cents instead of over 32c per lb. The former additional ad valorem rate of 11 and 10 per cent was abandoned upon recommendation of the tariff commission, whose report Senator Sherman pronounces, and most properly, 'admirable,' and the chairman of that commission, Mr. Hayes, has long been the efficient and consistent advocate of duties upon wools as well as upon woolens, while Mr. Garland, of Illinois, the president of the Wool-Growers' Association, was also a member of the commission, who could not fail to look after the wool-grower, and he concurred in their report."

"The Senator is evidently mistaken in his calculation, and forgets that the duties upon all inland charges and commissions on woolen goods, and very material item, have been removed, while wool suffers no such reduction, as such charges on wool have never been dutiable. The schedule of the tariff commission, not being precisely like the old law, makes an accurate comparison a work of some difficulty, but I have a large number of examples furnished to me by experts in the trade, which show in about every instance that the reductions are made greater than wools that these would give you these at length if they were not so bulky. Any

tariff on wool would be of no value whatever unless followed by an ample duty on woolens. The specific duty which remains on wool of 10 to 12 cents a pound applies wholly to unwashed wool, which, if washed, is doubled, and if secured, trebled. With the duty of 10 cents on unwashed Cape and Buenos Ayres wools, costing from 12 cents to 15 cents per pound, the average rate will be from 67 to over 75 per cent. These are the wools which would compete with the wools of Texas and California.

"The fact is, the duties upon No. 1 clothing wools have been almost prohibitory, and the change made will practically hardly be perceptible. If a less price should follow, it will arise from a larger importation of wool in the form of manufactures, or from increasing home competition among wool growers, that is to say, from the constant increase of production under a protective tariff, such as that exhibited from 1860 and 1880, or an increase from 60,000,000 pounds to 240,000,000 pounds. The value of all the wools imported, not including carpet wools, was only about \$3,000,000, but the value of imported woolen manufactures, not including carpets, was not less than \$35,000,000. The present compound duties on clothing wools are equal to a rate of over 55 per cent ad valorem; and the law which goes into effect on July 1st, will still leave the rate at over 44 per cent. Very few domestic productions have as much—this being above the average of all dutiable articles—and I do not think any discreet friend of sheep husbandry would make himself conspicuous by asking for more, and thereby run the risk of losing all."

PROGRESSING BACKWARDS.

House bill No. 589, introduced by Mr. Harker, of Jackson County, and referred to the committee on State affairs, provides for the repeal of Act No. 24, Laws of 1879. This is the law under which the farm statistics of the State are collected and published. Should the bill pass it will not only do away with the farm statistics, but it will knock the foundation from under the monthly crop reports. As is well known, the monthly estimates are based on the previous year's acreage and yield as shown in the "farm statistics." Thus, if the farm statistics show that in a given township there were 500 acres of corn produced last year, and the correspondent estimates the present acreage at 90 per cent or 110 per cent of last year's acreage, we know exactly what he means and have no difficulty in making the public understand what is meant. In like manner the yield is estimated until it can be definitely ascertained after the crop is harvested. We believe the passage of this bill will work great injury to the farmers of this State, as these are the only means they have of forming any idea of the outcome of the crops, while dealers and speculators will have such information at any cost, and of course, as is to be expected, will use it for their own benefit and to the detriment of those who raise the crops. The Legislature should take no action on this bill until the members have thoroughly informed themselves of what the effect of its passage will be.

The Hudson Corn Planter.

While at Romeo last week we took the opportunity of looking over the factory where the Hudson Corn and Pumpkin Seed Planter is manufactured. As it is a Michigan invention we were anxious to learn how the manufacturers were doing. We found they were pushing things in good shape, had made up 10,000 for the season's trade, but ran out and were now turning out a large number to meet their orders. Mr. Wm Gray, who went through the factory to show just how that planter is made, said he was more than satisfied with their trade. Wherever they had sold one last season, orders had come in for large numbers. There is one thing about this planter, and that is it is the best finished and most substantially made of any we have seen. We saw the various pieces of which it is composed before being put together, and watched the workmen finishing them up, and every part was as carefully put together as though it was intended to last for fifty years. The bolts were all well finished and of good quality, the wood well-dried and the best that can be got, and everything done to make them durable. The Hudson is also the most complete hand-planter we have seen. It has two compartments, one for corn and beans, and one for pumpkins or any flat seeds. The corn department has a gauge adjustable to any given number of kernels required to plant. The pumpkin seed compartment has a section of the bottom so arranged as to fall down at every fourth hole to let down one or more seeds, as you wish. The cup that chambers the corn is somewhat of a funnel shape, the larger end at the bottom, so that the corn is sure to drop every time and no mistake. You can also see the corn every time it passes from the shoot to the conductor. It is different from any other planter. It comes up to a sudden stop at the very point where it delivers, and jars everything out. We feel satisfied that it is a very meritorious implement, and just the thing required on the farm.

Stock Notes.

Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, has sold his stock of thoroughbred Merinos. The average weight of the fleeces was fifteen pounds three ounces.

Mr. S. F. Prather, Secretary of the American Southdown Association, notified us that the second annual meeting of the Association will be held at Springfield, Ill., on June 6th, commencing at 7:30 p. m.

Mr. W. E. Hardy, of Oceola, Livingston County, one of the pedigree committee of the Michigan Merino Register, dropped into the office the past week. He reports his flock in good shape this season, and his crop of lambs an extra one.

Mr. Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, Livingston County, purchased at the recent sale of L. Palmer at Dexter Park, Chicago, a Cruikshank heifer for \$835, and a Young Mary heifer for \$650. These are said to be unusually fine animals, and will make a valuable addition to Mr. Ball's fine herd of Shorthorns.

Mr. Wm. K. Sexton, of Howell, Livingston County, reports the following recent sales of Holsteins from his herd:

To Whitebark Bros., Ionia, Mich., the yearling heifer Ange, No. 2913 H. B., imported June 21, 1882.

To Mark Seely, of the firm of Phelps & Seely, Pontiac, the yearling bull Gortschakoff No. 1292 H. B., from the imported cow Prestige.

Mr. J. Burrows, of Troy, Oakland County, reports the following sales of stock from his herd of Devons: To A. C. Hill, of Burgh Hill, Ohio, a bull calf, a two-year-old heifer, and a 17-year-old cow, the latter bred by Geo. Patterson, of New Jersey. Mr. Burrows also sent to England, by Mrs. W. Newton, a three-year-old bull, Keno 1048. He was out of a 16 pound butter cow, and was a fine type of a Devon bull.

Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, has sold to W. C. Wixom, of Wixom, the Young Mary cow Lady Gay 4th, by L. P. Duke of Underdore 22964, out of Lady Gay 3d, by Rénick 8943, tracing to imp. Young Mary by Jupiter (2170). Also to W. G. Markham, of New York, for Australian parties, ten American Merino sheep, three ewes three years old, three ewes two years old, two ewes one year old, and two yearling rams. For the four yearlings \$75 per head.

Mr. B. F. Batchelder, of Oceola, Livingston County, purchased at the sale of L. Palmer, of Missouri, the Shorthorn heifer Lady Alma 2d, born, calved May 25, 1880, bred by J. J. Bridgford, of Missouri. She is of the Young Mary family, and bred as follows: Sire, Star Duke of Oakland 31192; dam, Lady Alma by Lancaster 10384, tracing to imp. Young Mary by Jupiter (2170). She had a cow calf, by her side bred by 5th Duke of Acklam 4174. Mr. Batchelder also bought the Phyllis heifer Beauty Noble 6th, red, calved Nov. 14, 1881, bred by L. Palmer, and sired by 5th Duke of Acklam 4174. dam, Beauty Noble 5th, by Cassa's Duke of Richmond 25863; 2d dam, Beauty Noble 4th, by Beatrice 11431, tracing to imp. Young Phyllis by Fairfax 10233.

Mr. J. Thorburn & Son, of Holt, Ingham Co., report the following sales of Shorthorns from their herd:

To Wm. Erwin, of Onondaga, bull 11th Duke of Acklam, by Murray of Bosc 2829, out of Ridgeway 6th Duke of Hillsdale 9517.

To John Grimes, Williamson, bull 2d Duke of Hillsdale, by 6th Duke of Hillsdale 9517, out of Junetta by Kentucky 10323.

To W. W. Wyman, Sebawa, Iowa County, bull 15th Duke of Ridgeway 4509, by 2d Duke of Hillsdale 9517, out of Delhi Beauty 3d, by 6th Duke of Hillsdale 9517.

Indians are cheated out of springs that were intended to be included in their New Mexico reservation.

The question of the extradition of P. J. Sheridan, accused of complicity in the Phoenix Park murders, has been formally presented to the U. S. government.

Fifty-five military companies, five batteries of artillery and many bands from all parts of the Union, have entered for the competitive drill at Nashville, May 21.

Myra Clark Gaines has secured a judgment of \$1,028,007 against the city of New Orleans. The case has been in litigation for a generation or two and is not yet ended.

A French firm will improve Vera Cruz breakwater \$10,047,000 worth during the next twelve years, and the Mexican Government will pay for it \$10,000 a week until paid for.

The fastest time on record on any road was made during the trip of the Vanderbilt party, from Essex Center to Niagara River; 212 miles in 202 minutes, deducting stoppages.

W. B. Sealright, for six years mayor of Vincennes, Indiana, but who failed of a reelection, committed suicide last week. His defeat is believed to have promoted the act.

At Hanover, N. H., on the 5th, eight houses were destroyed by fire, involving a loss of \$800,000. Prof. Parker of Dartmouth College, was struck by a falling chimney and seriously injured.

Four hundred and thirty calves, aggregating \$250,000, have been filed against the Association of the Society of American Farmers, which failed recently, owing five hundred thousand dollars.

By the breaking of a rope at the Yale mine, New Glasgow, N. S., a number of men and horses were precipitated down the slope, killing six, fatally injuring two, and seriously wounding three.

Thomas Pheby, ex-superintendent of the Inyo (Cal.) mining and milling company, residing at New York last week on charge of converting to his own use \$50,000 of the company's money.

Major Wesson, paymaster in the U. S. army, reports he was robbed of \$34,000 in a sleeping-car on the Texas & Pacific road, near Sweetwater, last week. The cash was to pay troops at Fort Bliss.

A retired millionaire of New York named Brisbane, has been arrested for libel by his sister-in-law, who claims the defendant is a swindler, and that he was not legally married to her husband.

The United Pacific Railway Company claims as its due for carrying the U. S. mails \$2,738,880 to and above what the department is willing to concede. The matter will be settled by the court of claims.

New York is not pleased with its electric lights as a cheaper substitute for gas, and it charges that the electric companies are conspiring with the gas companies to keep up the cost on both commodities.

F. A. Lim, of Chicago, has just bought for a foreign syndicate, 1,500,000 acres of land in Mississippi, which includes one-quarter of the cotton belt of the State. The price paid is ridiculously low, only \$1.35.

The dramatic festival held at Cincinnati last week was largely attended, and it is said that the stage scenery and accessories were of a grander scale and more historically accurate than ever before seen in this country.

Justice's special message agency in New York city was raised last week by postoffice officials and one thousand letters were intercepted. The employees were arrested. The postoffice regulations forbid private mail post systems.

United States Minister Young has collected from the Chinese government \$600,000, principal and interest of claims on account of supplies furnished by American troops during the Taping rebellion, upwards of 20 years ago.

Philip Amour, the Chicago pork packer, and the editor of the *Chicago Tribune* want the government to retaliate upon Germany for her action in forbidding imports of American pork, by prohibiting imports to this country from Germany.

A fearful explosion occurred at Keystone colliery, near Ashland, Pa., last week, caused by a pillar sliding and forcing a large volume of gas in contact with the lamps of the miners. Three men were instantly killed, and a number badly bruised.

The New York board of aldermen have voted permission to the Western Union Telegraph Company to use the streets of the city to lay their wires underground, and to erect a pole line for each street opened and giving two wires for the city's use.

Iron manufacturers at Pittsburgh say that unless employees accept a reduction of from 10 to 20 per cent in wages they will shut down June 1st, and they are looking no orders for delivery after that date. The workmen do not propose to accept the reduction.

About 300 Irish immigrants, chiefly families, arrived at Montreal on the 1st, en route to St. Paul, Minn., in charge of a young priest. They come from Connemara. Many of them are ill, and the children are badly coded, and all are apparently in a most destitute condition.

German papers reported that 14 soldiers in the garrison at Tilsit had died of trichinosis caused by eating American pork. Minister Mottet caused an investigation to be made. It turns out no soldiers have died of that disease, and that there is no evidence that any soldiers had eaten American pork at all.

Harvard is debating whether it will confer the degree of L. D. on the 1st, en route to St. Paul, Minn., in charge of a young priest. They come from Connemara. Many of them are ill, and the children are badly coded, and all are apparently in a most destitute condition.

The department of agriculture will soon establish near Washington an experimental farm and hospital for the treatment of domestic animals with a view of ascertaining the cause of scientific experiments, what are the causes of Texas fever, pleuro-pneumonia, etc., and what are the best methods of preventing or curing them.

Foreign.

Tabriz, Persia, has been visited by an earthquake, which did considerable damage to property and occasioned the loss of many lives. It turns out no soldiers have died of that disease, and that there is no evidence that any soldiers had eaten American pork at all.

A secret manufactory of explosives has been discovered at Cronstadt, Russia. Several naval officers have been arrested on suspicion.

In the Russian army rewards are being offered to induce the men to denounce any of their comrades who are known to be deserters.

By the accidental ignition of powder in the government magazine at Portsmouth, England, the building was destroyed and six men killed.

Thirteen persons have been arrested in County Galway, Ireland, on the evidence of informers, for complicity in the murder of Constable Kavanagh.

Fourteen hundred bakers' assistants are on a strike in Vienna, and on the night of the 1st indulged in a riot which was quelled with difficulty by the authorities.

Hanlon, one of the Phoenix Park murderers, has been convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life. Fitzharris pleaded guilty of conspiracy to murder.

A Cairo (Egypt) dispatch received May 3rd, says that Col. Hicks has had a battle with 5,000 insurgents under the false prophet and that the rebels were defeated, suffering a loss of 1,000 killed and wounded.

Delaney and Caffery, Phoenix Park assassins, pleaded guilty at Dublin on the 2nd, but declined being brought into it, not knowing what was to be done. The judge said he was sorry for the prisoners, but that his duty was to sentence them to death.

Some cannon were recently made at Lille of much less than ordinary weight, but the breech after being cast, was carefully wound round with silk threads, which were afterwards covered with a protection of rubber. It is thought that the tension of the silk will give even greater elasticity than that of the steel, with much greater elasticity.

The universal exhibition at Amsterdam, Holland, was formally opened on the 1st. The exhibition, though smaller than those of other foreign powers, is much larger than any before held in Holland. The buildings and gardens cover three million square feet of ground, of which the principal building occupies 550,000 feet.

Attention Farmers!

A choice 51 acre suburban tract at the capital city, at a bargain for one week only! Address, P. O. Box 708, Lansing, Mich., May 21.

PIC EXTRACTOR to aid animals in giving birth. To WM. DULIN, Ayco, Potomac, Md., for circular.

Farm Law.

Inquiries from subscribers falling under this head will be answered in this column if the replies are of general interest. Address communications to Henry A. Haigh, Attorney, Seltz Block, Detroit.

MORE "FIXTURES" IN DISPUTE.

T. J. S., of Cooper, Mich., writes that there is dispute in his neighborhood as to whether or not certain articles are fixtures; some farms having been sold there the parties cannot agree as to what things may be taken away by the grantors and what things pass to the grantees as part of the land.

This matter was carefully explained in the issue of the FARMER for June 10th, 1879. Readers are respectfully referred to that article for a full consideration of the subject. Whatever has been so affixed or attached to the soil or buildings as to have become fixtures is regarded by law as a part of the land and passes on a sale of it to the grantee. That is to say, all those things of a permanent nature fitted for use upon the farm which the owner annexes thereto with the intention of making them a part of the land, especially if they cannot be removed without injury to the land or buildings, pass upon a sale of the farm to the person who buys it.

All buildings, fences, bridges, trees, growing crops, etc. etc., pass with the land unless specially reserved in the deed. Also doors, blinds, mantels, grates, etc., belong to the house, although at the time they may not be actually in their places, but may be taken down for repairs or laid away for future use. But all chattels, household furniture, stoves, carpets, pictures and personal property of all kinds are never included in a sale of the farm, and may be removed by the farmer to his new home. A furnace set in brick work is part of the house. Soap kettles set in brick work have been held to pass with the land.

Railroad vs. Ditch.

"H." of Lansing, Mich., says a certain railroad company refuses to make the necessary opening and culvert for a public drain which it is proposed to run under its road, and he wishes to know if such company can be compelled to do so, and if so, how.

The statute provides—(Laws 1881, page 377) "that whenever it shall be necessary to run a (public) drain across a railroad it shall be the duty of such railroad company, when notified by the drain commissioner, to do so, to make the necessary opening through said road and to build and keep in repair a suitable culvert."

No penalty is provided for violating this provision, nor is there any machinery by which the drain commissioner can directly enforce a compliance with it. But Sec. 3303 of the Compiled Laws as amended provides that:

"Whenever it shall come to the knowledge of such commissioner, either upon complaint or otherwise, or he shall have reason to believe that any law or laws pertaining to railroads, have been or are being violated, he may, if he deem it expedient, prosecute all corporations guilty of such violations."

It would be well therefore, for the drain commissioner in this case to make formal complaint to the Commissioner of Railroads of the failure of the company to comply with the law.

CHOICE SEED POTATOES.

I have 200 bushels of the following varieties of Potatoes for sale: Jordon's Prolific, a wonderful potato, has yielded over 100 bushels on one acre; Mammoth Pearl, a splendid variety, yielded at the rate of 400 bushels per acre with the past season; Magnum Bonum, an early variety, a seedling of the Peachblow, a great yielder, and has the good characteristic of yielding almost no small potatoes. I will send one peck each of the above three varieties for \$1; one barrel \$3.

Early Crown Field Peas, clean, no bugs, Canada Green, early, grow a large strong vine that will support itself, only \$1.50 per bushel. French Sugar and Mangel Wurtzel Beet, Turnip and Ruta Baga, English and French seed, best produced in the world.

GEO. W. HILL,
80 Woodbridge St., Detroit, Mich.

A BARGAIN FOR \$6,000.

A 240 acre farm, four miles from County Seat; all fenced, fair buildings, 50 apple trees, 100 bushels corn, 25 acres wheat, 12 acres White Russian oats, 3 acres choice potatoes, 55 acres heavy clover seed, 25 acres clover and timothy, 40 acres woodland, balance cattle range. Possession given any day. JAMES A. HUGHSTON, Rochester, Ind.

FOREIGN.

In the Russian army rewards are being offered to induce the men to denounce any of their comrades who are known to be deserters.

By the accidental ignition of powder in the government magazine at Portsmouth, England, the building was destroyed and six men killed.

Thirteen persons have been arrested in County Galway, Ireland, on the evidence of informers, for complicity in the murder of Constable Kavanagh.

Fourteen hundred bakers' assistants are on a strike in Vienna, and on the night of the 1st indulged in a riot which was quelled with difficulty by the authorities.

Hanlon, one of the Phoenix Park murderers, has been convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life. Fitzharris pleaded guilty of conspiracy to murder.

A Cairo (Egypt) dispatch received May 3rd, says that Col. Hicks has had a battle with 5,000 insurgents under the false prophet and that the rebels were defeated, suffering a loss of 1,000 killed and wounded.

Delaney and Caffery, Phoenix Park assassins, pleaded guilty at Dublin on the 2nd, but declined being brought into it, not knowing what was to be done. The judge said he was sorry for the prisoners, but that his duty was to sentence them to death.

Some cannon were recently made at Lille of much less than ordinary weight, but the breech after being cast, was carefully wound round with silk threads, which were afterwards covered with a protection of rubber. It is thought that the tension of the silk will give even greater elasticity than that of the steel, with much greater elasticity.

The universal exhibition at Amsterdam, Holland, was formally opened on the 1st. The exhibition, though smaller than those of other foreign powers, is much larger than any before held in Holland. The buildings and gardens cover three million square feet of ground, of which the principal building occupies 550,000 feet.

Attention Farmers!

A choice 51 acre suburban tract at the capital city, at a bargain for one week only! Address, P. O. Box 708, Lansing, Mich., May 21.

PIC EXTRACTOR to aid animals in giving birth. To WM. DULIN, Ayco, Potomac, Md., for circular.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

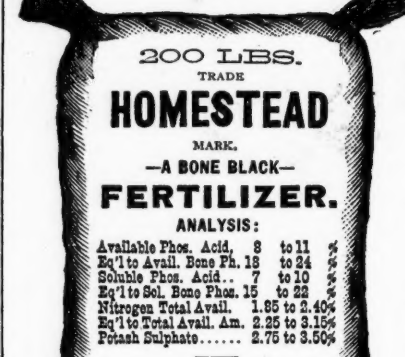
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HOMESTEAD

Superphosphate!

A Pure Bone Black



FERTILIZER!

Good for ALL Crops!

Price \$40 Per Ton.

Sample bbl of 200 lbs sent on Receipt of \$4.00.

Pamphlet containing Full Information sent FREE on application.

Michigan Carbon Works, DETROIT, MICH.

Good Agents Wanted in Every Town. Mention this Paper.

THE COQUILLARD WAGON

THE FARMER'S FAVORITE.

These wagons are made of the best wood and iron to be procured, and put together by the most experienced workmen. Every one warranted to give satisfaction, both in regard to the quality of material and workmanship. They are also noted for their lightness of draft and ease of running.

Carriages, Buggies & Sleighs of superior workmanship always on hand.

A. COQUILLARD, South Bend, Ind.

"ACME" Pulverizing Harrow. Old Crusher and Leveler.

Thousands in Use! Runs in a Light Wind.

The "ACME" subjects the soil to the action of a Crusher and Leveler, and to the Cutting, Lifting, turning process of double rows of STEEL COULTERS, the peculiar shape and arrangement of which give immense cutting power. Thus the three operations of crushing, leveling of the ground, and thoroughly pulverizing the soil are performed at one time. The entire absence of spikes or spring teeth avoids pulling up rubbish. It is especially adapted to inverted soil and hard clay, where other harrows utterly fail; works perfectly on light soil, and is the only Harrow and Cultivator that cuts over the entire surface of the ground.

Highly commended by scientific and practical Farmers, many of whom pronounce it to be the most valuable recent improvement in Farm Machinery, while all agree that the "ACME" Pulverizing Harrow, Old Crusher and Leveler, in the preparation of the soil, before planting, will increase the yield from Five to Ten Dollars per acre.

FAIR PLAY. If your dealer does not let you the "ACME" for sale, don't let him palm off an inferior tool on you by assuring you that he has something better. But SATISFY YOURSELF by ordering one ON TRIAL. We will send it on trial, and if it does not suit you may send it back, we paying return freight charges. We don't ask for money or note until after you have tried it on your own farm.

Send for Pamphlet containing Hundreds of Testimonials from 44 different States and Territories.

NASH & BROTHER, Manufacturers and Principal Office, BRANCH OFFICE, MILLINGTON, HARRISBURG, PA. NEW JERSEY

Tree Bean. N. B.—Pamphlet entitled "TILLAGE IS MANURE" will also be sent to parties who name this paper.

Whitman's Patent Americus. The Best and most reliable Mill made so far. Will make 30 per cent more cider than any other. Perfectly Adjustable. Prices as low as any first-class Mill. Mrs. of Hesperia, Powers, Corn Shellers, Feed Cutters, Feed Mills, etc. Send for circular.

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New Importations Constantly Arriving.

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Our customers have had many years' experience in breeding and importing large collections, opportunity of comparing different breeds, low prices because of extensive facilities and facilities of transportation. Catalogues free. Correspondence solicited. Mention Michigan Farmer.

POWELL BROS., Springboro, Crawford Co., Penn.

OWOSSO BREEDING STABLES.

Our stallions will serve a limited number of mares this season as follows:

LOUIS NAPOLEON, Sire of Jerome Eddy 2:16½, and sold for \$35,000.

JO GAVIN, Half Brother to Jerome Eddy, and sire of Corn Bell, whose four-year-olds were 2:31¾.

Single Service..... \$15 00
Season..... 25 00
To insure..... 35 00

Pasturage furnished at seventy-five cents per week. For details and pedigrees send for our catalogue.

DEWEY & STEWART, Owosso, Mich.

TREMONT, No. 1565; Record 2:28 1-2.

Sired by Belmont, sire of Nutwood, record 2:18½; Wetwood, record 2:18½; dam Virginia, by Alexander, record 2:18½; dam of Virginia, by Alexander, record 2:18½; dam of Virginia, by Alexander, record 2:18½.

TREMONT'S record was obtained after a season of seventy-five mares, with but very little preparation in a desperately fought race of seven heats, trotting the sixth heat in 2:28½, and won the race, a performance never equaled under like circumstances by any stallion. Send for catalogue to 2331 DR. W. A. GIBSON, Jackson, Mich.

Highlander Hambletonian will stand at my barn in the township of Bruce, Macomb County, during the season of 1883. Terms \$15 to insure. He is a large horse, standing 16½ hands high, fine looking, good disposition, is a blood bay in color, with small ears, and a white hind end, and black points. He is highly bred. For particulars address

ROBERT MILLIKEN, Almont, Mich.

TIM GOODING, Sired by Gooding's Champion, son of King's Champion, by Grinnell's Champion, tracing to Mambrino and imported Messenger. Dam, Queen Anne, by Fashion Clay, by O'Henry Clay. A station of a blood bay stallion, with black points, stands 16 hands high, weighs 1,300 lbs., and coming ten years old. He will make the season of 1883 at the Commercial Hotel stables, Howell. For particulars address

WHITE BROTHERS, my-2m Commercial Hotel, Howell, Mich.

A No. 1 Farm For Sale

The farm owned by the late Abel Beers, in Bennington, Shawansee Co., Mich., 8½ miles south of Owosso, 4 miles north of Perry, a station of the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railroad. The farm consists of 280 acres of first class farm land, 220 acres well improved. Two good houses, two large barns, two new-fencing wells, two windmills, 85 acres of wheat on the ground, 120 acres seeded down. Near school and church. For particulars address

MRS. KATHARINE R. BEERS, Pittsburgh, Shawansee Co., Mich.

Desirable Farm For Sale. The "Mission Farm," adjoining the village of Mt. Pleasant, Mich., consisting of 100 acres, can be purchased on easy terms. There are 120 acres improved; well fenced and underdrained; good buildings. It will make the season of 1883 at the Commercial Hotel stables, Howell. For particulars address

GEO. A. B

Poetry.

YOUR FIRST SWEETHEART

She seemed in your boyhood as pure and fair
As a snowflake floating above the air,
And every time you passed her by
You hung your heart on her passing by.

It made you tremble to have her nigh;
In the tender gaze of her azure eye
Your glad young heart beat faster.

Her voice was musical to your ear,
Her joyous laughter you loved to hear,
And while you looked and listened,
You saw her beautiful golden curls.

The envy of the other girls;
Her cheeks were red and the teeth like pearls
That in her sweet mouth glistened.

In the district school-room you loved to look
At her fair young face, so young and so sweet,
When the teacher turned his back awhile,
It made you happy to see her smile.

As you shyly landed across the aisle,
The apple you had brought her.

She said she loved you; you proudly smiled
And even fancied, though but a child,
You could not live without her,
Till and were few the words you said.

You saw her smiling with Isaac Ayers,
You "wished he'd attend to his own affairs,"
You felt a sad sensation.

You grew to manhood and left the town;
She married a farmer and settled down.
Your lives were never blended,
You toiled and struggled for wealth and fame,
And both of these worldly blessings came.

And after many a fleeting day
Your youthful dreams were ended.
You married, at last, a worthy wife,
The changes came in your busy life.

That left their sober traces,
Then children clambered about your chair,
And weren't you happy to have them there?
No other children seemed half so fair.

You smiled at their glad faces,
Your form is sweet and your hair is gray,
Your little sweetheart has passed away;
"These years since last you parted,"
For time has changed, the tears have fled;

The other day when you slowly read,
In the evening paper she was dead.
With sad surprise you started.

You dropped the paper upon the floor,
You wandered again by the river's shore,
In the midst of memory's wildwood—
How few there are in this world of ours,
Who marry the love of their childhood's hours,
Yet where in this world bloom brighter flowers
Than blossoms that bloomed in childhood.

A MODERN MADRIGAL.

Come, or the buds are burst in the warren,
And the lamb's first bleat is heard in the mead;
Come, be Phillis, and I'll be Coryn,
Though gods we have none to fold or feed.

Come, for a ramble down through the dingle,
For Spring has taken the earth to bride;
Leave the cricket to chirp by the ingle,
And forth with me to the rivulet side.

Lo! how the land has put forth of her
Her virgin raiment of winter white,
And laughs in the eyes of spring, her lover,
Who flings her a garland of flowers and light.

Hark, how the lark in his first aspiration
Fills heaven with love songs, hovering on high;
Trust to us for the Spring's intention,
To trust to the morn for a stormless sky.

I know the meadow for daffodowndis,
And the haunt of the crocus, purple and gold;
I'll be Coryn, and you'll be Phillis;
Springs to-day are sweet as of old.

—Chambers's Journal.

Miscellaneous.

MY FIRST BALL-DRESS.

Grandma raised her hand, as if to emphasize her words, in a fashion she had, and said:

"You can do as you please about it, Gladys, but I want you to understand that this is all I can spare you. I shall be cramped as it is for the rest of the month; so expect nothing more from me."

"Of course not, grandma," I answered, clasping my hands, and not daring to look her in the face, considering what I was saying. "But, indeed, I would rather not take this—"

"Well, child," she replied, "you wouldn't get the money if I didn't want you to have it, be sure of that. Here it is; you can send it to Ned if you like, but if you do, you'll have to go without your ball-dress, that's all."

Sitting in her great chair, with her dainty slipped feet on a tarnished velvet hassock, grandma produced her purse, and taking therefrom a fifty-dollar bill, she put it in my hand.

I was making my first visit since early childhood, at Balfour Grange, as grandma's old-fashioned home was called. She was the dearest and staidest of old-fashioned ladies; and the gray antique mansion, with its peaked gables, oriel windows and antique chimneys, where the Balfours had lived and died for nearly two centuries, was the pleasantest of homes.

I had been perfectly happy until this question of the ball came up. It was to be given by Mrs. Cheswick, at Blooming-ton, a fine old country seat adjoining the Grange, in honor of her only son, recently returned home after years of foreign travel.

My pretty young mother had died some years previous, so that, while yet a child, I had been forced to assume the grave duties of housekeeper. I had not found my task a hard one, however, but a labor of love. Papa was so tender, and patient and helpful, in his great trouble; and Ned—well, I don't suppose any other girl ever had such a brother. He had been to college one term, and was struggling for means to pay his way through another. He tiller our little farm and out cord wood, and gathered sumac for the market, and taught night school; and then studied his own books until dawn was almost breaking. Yet, after all this noble effort he had not succeeded in rising the required amount.

"I shall not be able to go for this term, Gladys," he said to me, a few days before I left home; "but I'll come in for the

next, and since I must remain at home, dear, I'll take my turn at housekeeping, and you shall run up to Balfour Grange and make grandma a visit."

I thought of all this now, and it did not take me long to settle the matter.

"Grandma," I said, rising, "pray pardon me, but since you are kind enough to allow me to do as I please with this money, I'll send it home to Ned."

"And what do you propose wearing to the ball?" demanded grandma.

"I shan't go to the ball," I answered, choking down a sob.

"Oh, yes, you will," she replied, "I've accepted Mrs. Cheswick's invitation, and you shall not offend her by staying at home. You must go."

"Very well," I answered; "I shall be obliged to wear my polka-dot muslin. I've nothing else."

Then grandma laughed.

"But really that won't do," she said. "It will be entirely too common, at least for such a grand ball as this. Why, my dear, all of the real quality," as Ricketts would say (Ricketts was grandma's maid) "will be there from three counties. Don't be foolish now."

I made no answer, but rushed out of the room, to hide the struggle I could not subdue. That same evening, however, she sent the \$50 bill on its way home to Ned.

"You must accept it, Ned, dear," I wrote, "as a gift from me. It is my very own. Grandma gave it to me to buy a ball-dress; but I prefer to send it to you. You can go to college this term after all, Ned; so make your arrangements, and I'll be home in time to see you off."

It was very pleasant to fancy what Ned would say, and how he would look, on receiving my letter; but my heart failed me, nevertheless, as the night of the ball drew near.

"Grandma, don't you think I had better send an apology to Mrs. Cheswick?" I ventured to suggest, at last. "I really don't care to go to the ball."

Grandma only laughed and shrugged her shoulders in her own peculiar way.

"That's odd," she said. "When I was a girl nothing pleased me better than a ball. I'm sorry you don't care to go; but it will never do to back out now. Mrs. Cheswick expects you, and, moreover, I've engaged your hand to Major Cheswick for the first dance. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll make another concession. Up stairs, in some old chests, are some ball dresses I wore when I was young—and went to balls."

And dear grandma gave a sigh, as she added:

"But that's all past. I've never been to a ball since your grandpa died. Tomorrow you shall rummage them over and perhaps you can find something that Ricketts can alter for you. I was quite as slim as you," eying me critically, "when I was a woman of fashion, 40 years ago; and I think they'll nearly fit you."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, grandma," I cried, jumping up and kissing her. "Was there ever so kind a grandma before?"

So the next morning I opened the chests, one after, for there were several. But I found nothing suitable. Not that they were not handsome enough, they were only too handsome. But they were all rich brocades—brocades that stood alone, such as ladies of wealth wore 40 years ago, quite unsuitable for poor me, so I told grandma.

"I should look like a stupid peacock," I said. "People would think I was a vulgar, pretentious snob."

"I believe you are right," said grandma, after reflecting awhile. "I had forgotten that what was suitable for a matron would be too pronounced for a young girl. It will have to be the polka-dot, after all, I fear, child," with a sigh.

And the polka-dot it was.

After that I never again alluded to the subject. But when the dreaded night came, I made my simple toilet with a fluttering heart.

"Oh, Ricketts, pray, pray tell me the truth," I implored. "Do you think I'll do?"

"I think you will, miss," answered the woman, looking me over from head to foot, with critical eyes. "Twill be a grand occasion, to be sure; Mrs. Cheswick's balls always are. Laws, miss, it will turn your head, if you've never seen the like afore."

I went with a sinking heart, and stood before grandma, who was sitting like a queen in her great arm chair by the fire, as usual.

She looked me over sharply, and then shook her head.

"Polka-dot muslin," she said, tersely, "is not quite the thing for a grand ball."

I turned away and went down to the carriage, with a mist of tears before my eyes, heartily wishing myself at home with papa and Ned.

But the glitter of the ball room, and the sound of the music, and the sweet gentleness of Mrs. Cheswick's manner soon reassured me, and quite put to flight my misgivings. Before I had been at Blooming-ton two hours I had danced not only the first set with Major Cheswick, but half a dozen others. He took me out to supper, too, and when he bade me good night at the carriage door he picked up a withered cornflower that fell from my hair and fastened it in his button-hole.

"Well," questioned grandma, when we met at breakfast next morning, "what about the ball? How did you like it?"

"Oh, grandma," I cried, "it was the happiest night of my whole life."

"In spite of the polka-dot muslin?"

"Oh, I didn't think of it, grandma, not once. I was so delighted with the ball that I forgot all about myself."

All this happened in October, and that very day I had to start for home, where I found that Ned had already gone to college, having had to start earlier than he had expected.

"We could not let you know," said papa, "lest you should miss the ball."

We found it a little lonely, only we two, as winter drew near. But we were always busy, and that helped us wonderfully. Papa did the farmwork and I the house-keeping, and both of us had our hands full, no time for idle regrets.

"Papa, dear, I feel like having a sharp gallop," I said, one frosty day, at our

midday meal. "So if you'll watch the muffins we are to have for supper, and see that they don't burn, I'll saddle Beauty and ride over to the postoffice for the mail. I'm sure there's a letter from Ned."

"All right," said papa, and in ten minutes I was off.

The air was keen and clear and invigorating. I gave Beauty the rein and she went down the road like a swallow. About half a mile before reaching the village I passed a man on foot with a satchel in his hand. I was cantering along a grassy sort of down, and he was in the high road below. He started to climb the slight declivity, and I drew in my rein, supposing he knew me. But on a second glance I saw he was a stranger, and half fearing he might mean harm, I gave Beauty her head and dashed on.

The stranger stopped, as in surprise. He turned and looked after me as I flew by, and touched his hat; but I went on, taking on heed.

It was growing dusk when I returned home, and a cheerful light gleamed from the sitting room windows.

Papa did not, however, come out to meet me as usual, so I cantered around to the stable, put up Beauty, and then went in by the back way, and hurried up stairs to change my dress.

"I suppose the dear old love," I said to myself, "is busy with the toilet, and does not hear me."

When I had finished my simple toilet, I hurried down stairs, and burst into the room, saying:

"Here I am, safe and sound, papa, and I've had such a grand gallop. And there's a letter from Ned, and I hope you haven't let the muffins burn?"

"I'm afraid I have, my dear," he answered, "for I have company. Major Cheswick is here. I believe you are already acquainted with him."

I looked around and now, for the first time, saw that another person was in the room. I drew back in utter amazement as the gentleman advanced, for I recognized him by his dress as the stranger I had met on the road.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Gladys; I fear you haven't forgotten me. But I fear you have. At least you didn't seem to know me this afternoon, when you passed me on the road. But I am, I assure you, the real Major Cheswick," with a gay laugh. "And I come armed with a letter of introduction from Madame Balfour, to clear up all doubts, if any."

"Oh, I haven't forgot you, Major Cheswick," I cried, blushing. "But I didn't really see your face this afternoon. And then—" more and more confused, "a gentleman looks so different in evening dress. That is, I mean—"

"You mean you have only seen me once before," he said, coming to my aid with exquisite tact. And his handsome eyes glowed like stars.

We entered the sitting-room, and he said, softly, as he relinquished my hand: "It is a great pleasure to see you again; you don't know how great."

The muffins were burned black; but I soon made light biscuit, and we had a delightful tea, which our guest seemed greatly to enjoy.

"If there is one accomplishment I value above all others in a lady," he remarked to papa, "it is the art of making one's home pleasant."

"Gladys is an incomparable house-keeper," responded papa, bluntly.

Major Cheswick spent a week in the neighborhood, and every evening found him our guest.

"Such a pleasant time as I've had," he said, one afternoon, standing beside me, while I arranged the autumn leaves he had gathered. "But it is over. I must go home to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow. Shall you miss me—just a little? Don't say no. Don't take back the sweet confession your dear eyes have this minute made. I love you, Gladys. This is why I came. I fell in love with you the night we met at my mother's ball."

"Oh, Major Cheswick! The night I wore my polka-dot muslin?"

His brown eyes fairly danced with suppressed laughter as I spoke.

"Yes, your polka-dot muslin. I've heard all about your first ball dress, Gladys," he said, taking my hand, "and I regard it as a robe of honor. I thought it the prettiest dress I had ever seen, and its wearer the one woman in the world for me—the only one I have cared to make my wife. Don't turn away, for I was averting my head to hide the happy blushes. 'Don't leave me in suspense. Give me my answer now, Gladys.'"

I am his happy wife.—*Peterson's Ladies' Magazine.*

A Locomotive Sunk Out of Sight.

A locomotive ran through a broken bridge on the Kansas Pacific railway, across Kiowa Creek, several years ago, sinking into the mud at the bottom, and has never since been heard from, though repeated efforts have been made, by digging and boring, to recover so valuable a piece of property. The bottom is quicksand, but even quicksands have limits, and it seems singular that the longest boring-rod has failed to find any trace of the sunken engine. By-and-by the silent, mysterious operation will drain the quicksand and harden it into rock, and then, long after the Kansas Pacific road has been forgotten, and the Kiowa Creek has vanished from the map, some future scientist will discover a curious piece of mechanism, undoubtedly the work of human hands, lying under so many hundred feet of sandstone, and will use the fact as a basis of calculating how many millions years the human race must be.—*Boston Transcript.*

Sept. 14th, 1880.

Hop Bitters Co., Toronto:
I have been sick for the past six years, suffering from dyspepsia and general weakness. I have used three bottles of Hop Bitters, and they have done wonders for me. I am well and able to work, and eat and sleep well. I cannot say too much for Hop Bitters.

SIMON ROBBINS.

No other preparation so concentrates and combines blood-purifying, vitalizing, enriching and invigorating qualities as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Quality should be considered when making comparisons.

OHIO CIDER.

"I never knew," said the parson, "whether somebody played a trick on the deacon or not. He was a pretty close-mouthed old fellow; rather proud of his shrewdness, and not apt to publish the fact if anybody got the better of him in a trade."

"But this wasn't a trade, was it?" asked one of the trustees.

"No," responded the parson, with the ghost of a twinkle in his right eye. "No, it was a present the deacon got from relatives of his out west; out in Central Ohio. They sent him a barrel of splendid new cider."

"Tell us about the trick, doctor."

"Well, I don't know that it was a trick," said the parson, dropping into a warm chair by the grate. "But it was a very funny bit of experience the deacon had. Ha! ha! These folks of his sent him this cider and sent him a letter saying that it made the best bottled cider in the world, telling him that all he had to do was to pour the cider into small bottles and drop a raisin in each bottle, just before he fastened in the cork. Well, Hezekiah followed the directions very carefully, and piled the bottles in that little cellar of his, just back of the furnace. Of course the cider went very slowly, as the deacon's family is quite small. Beside, he had a notion that this cider, being extra fine, ought to be kept for company, or Christmas, or mince pies, and what not. So it was lying in the cellar for two or three months. One evening my wife and myself dropped in to spend the evening with the deacon. My wife said she hadn't been there for five or six months, and so Mrs. Chase wouldn't be satisfied with a mere formal call. The deacon was delighted to see us—dear old fellow—he just beamed with hospitality. Told his wife to bring in some of her special company doughnuts, and said he was going to open a bottle of that splendid cider. Well, I remonstrated with him; told him he had better keep the cider for 'real company,' as we felt like members of the family. Fact is, I thought the cider must be pretty hard in spite of the raisins, and hard cider always gives me a little bit of indigestion. But the deacon wouldn't take any excuse. He was bound to open some of that Ohio cider. So he brought out three bottles. My wife was talking to Mrs. Chase about calling on the new folks—the Browns—that had just come into a town from Warren. Her face was turned away from the deacon, who stood by the table chatting with me and twisting the wire off one of the corks.

"Oh, yes," said the deacon, "I knew the Browns long before they went to Warren. The old man used to do business in Providence, and I—Julius Caesar, what's that? The cork flew out of the bottle as if it had been shot out of a gun, just skimming the end of the deacon's nose on its way to the ceiling. My wife turned quickly as she heard the deacon's exclamation, and the cider (which looked like churned soap suds) caught her full in the eyes. Being a woman of great presence of mind, as you know, she jumped on her chair and began to scream 'Fire!' The rest of the cider was playing like a fountain over her new silk dress, for the deacon was so dazed that he stood holding the bottle at arm's length. I suppose it was sinful under the circumstances, but I fell back on the sofa and laughed till I cried, even if that silk dress was spoiled. There wasn't a drop left in that bottle when the fountain stopped playing. I wish I could have had a photograph of the old deacon as he stood holding it out at arm's length. Ha! ha! ha!" And the parson laughed heartily at the recollection.

"By this time," continued the parson, "the deacon's blood was up. No use to say we didn't care for the cider just before going to bed. Some of this cider we must have. The bottle, he said, was a trifle lively, but he didn't believe there was another one like that in the whole lot. But he grasped the other bottle a little more firmly, pressed his thumb on the cork and began to pry off the wire. Mrs. Chase was down on her knees, trying with a dry towel to make the silk dress look a little more respectable, and I noticed that my wife began to edge over to the corner and wink her eyes as one does who expects to hear a cannon go off. Quick as a flash the deacon turned the neck of the bottle into a glass as the cork flew across the room and stirred up the cat, and almost every drop of that cider danced out of the glass into the parlor table-cloth. About two tablespoonfuls stayed in the tumbler.

"Hah! I better get the umbrella, Hezekiah, if you are going to open any more!" said Mrs. Chase, in that patient, meek way of hers, without the slightest flavor of fun in her voice.

"Yes," said the deacon, with a little trifle of irritation in his tone; "better have the Salvage Corps come, hadn't you?"

"After I had smoothed down my voice to a tolerable composure I suggested that if the deacon was going to continue the experiment he had better go into the garden, where the irrepressible cider might gallop around in a less expensive fashion. His wife began to say that perhaps the hired man had better go along in case of accidents, but I quietly nudged her arm, and she held her peace. Strange thing, isn't it, that the best wife in the world will often rasp a man's feelings more than his bitterest enemy can do. Well, the deacon went out alone with the cider. We heard a loud roar, which my wife said she hoped wouldn't raise the neighbors, and when he came back he had the glass nearly half full of cider. The old man looked flushed and unhappy, as if he had confided his private feelings to the cider in a more earnest manner than he was accustomed to do with his pastor. I was actually laughing it out to the street, where I could laugh it out. So, after tasting the mercurial liquid and pronouncing it superb, my wife and I hurried out of the house."

"On Wednesday evening, after prayer-meeting, Deacon Hezekiah insisted that I should drop in as I was going home and taste that cider."

"But, deacon," I said, "the last time I saw that cider it acted like evil spirits uncorked. How did you manage to tame it?"

"You step in and see," responded Hezekiah, with a mysterious twinkle in his eye.

"So I dropped in at the deacon's on my way home. While I sat talking to Sister Chase, the deacon left the room, but suddenly returned, attired as if he intended to make a trip in a surf boat. He had on an oil-skin hat, fastened under the chin, and his rubber overcoat buttoned to the throat. I noticed also that his sleeves were fastened at the wrists with rubber bands."

"Why, deacon," I said, "what in the wide world is the matter? Has it begun to snow, or are you going to a fire?"

"He made no reply but beckoned me to follow him into the kitchen. Then I saw he had the matter reduced to what the newspapers would call a 'fine point.' On the kitchen table stood a large wash-tub, tilted up on edge, and beside it were arranged two glasses and a dozen bottles of cider."

"Deacon," I remarked, "do you think I am going to drink half a gallon of—"

"Now, just wait," said the deacon; "maybe you won't get as much as you want." With that he grasped one of the bottles, held its neck down into the tub, and turning his head sideways, as if he expected a shell to explode in his near neighborhood, twisted the wire that held the cork. The shock made me start and I caught my breath. The cider seemed to turn a summersault in getting into that wash-tub. When the deacon lifted his face to ward me he looked as if he had been rescuing somebody from the breakers. All the cider that didn't remain in the tub was clinging to his grey whiskers and eyebrows and dripping from the edges of his old storm hat. When he turned the bottle upside down over the glass there wasn't enough cider left to cover the bottom. Twelve times did that old man go through that terrible experience, and when he turned triumphantly from the last heroic effort he had the appearance of an omnibus driver on a sleety night. About ten bottles and a half of that cider was in the wash-tub, on the kitchen furniture and over the deacon. The rest had been captured."

"That's mighty good cider, parson, when you can catch it," he said, as he mopped his face with the kitchen towel and took off his waterproof. "But, parson, don't you ever put raisins in your cider to keep it sweet. It don't hurt the cider, but a fellow don't want to chase a bottle of cider around a wash-tub like a young colt in a ten-acre pasture. There's a little too much excitement in the fun. Beside, parson," he said, drawing a little closer and speaking in a low, confidential tone, "I don't mind telling you, but that cider keeps me awake nights. I don't know what to do with it. There's about six dozen bottles in the cellar, and the family all dread the place as if it was filled with torpedoes or with a lot of those infernal machines that wind up like an eight-day clock. Why, parson, it's perfectly awful! My wife went in there on Tuesday to get the wash-board, and one of these old cider bottles blew its whole head off just because she brushed it with her frock. You can hear 'em burst in the dead of the night. I don't dare breathe hard when I'm among those bottles. It's like a fellow planting a colony of spring guns in his melon-patch and then forgetting where they are. If you go past the door in a hurry you'll hear a spiteful pop and fizzle, like a soda fountain in a fit of insanity. I don't want any more Ohio cider. It's good enough, but there's too much anxiety about it. I'd rather take care of a pair of twins than another barrel of it. Hark! Do you hear that? That's the kind of sharp shooting they do all the time. There's another one! When I go down there I cover my face with the lid of that wash-board and sneak around on tip-toe as if I was a beggar. We're afraid to take the bottles out at once for fear of a general explosion. I'd rather sleep with a pint of nitro-glycerine. I look cheerful, parson, but it's undermining my constitution. Must you go? I won't ask you to take any more cider, because I can't go through that trial oftener than once a day. Hear that! They're fearfully stirred up to-night! You needn't speak of this foolishness, parson. Whatever you do, don't put raisins into your cider."

"Ah!" said the parson, "there's the bell; it's time for evening lecture."—*John Snyder.*

Pen and Ink Sketches of the Famous Vanderbilt Family.

William Vanderbilt, according to my advice, is only sixty-two years old. He has to a large extent given up active interest in railroads and other property. He made a large investment in government bonds, in order not to have his mellow years harassed with business. Not exactly a hypochondriac, he is so much delighted with this life and his large revenue in it that he gives much of his time up to doctors, and annoys his friends by his sensitiveness about his health. With the health of a bull he has the nerves of a woman. For some time past, he has had the movement cure, or the rubbing cure, whatever it may be called, involving somebody to come and scrub his muscles over and delude him with the idea that friction is health. He is also a victim of the homeopathic people, and bothers his friends by taking out of his pocket papers of No. 1, No. 3 and No. 9, and swallowing them in the midst of his ordinary domestications.

He is so far free from railroad occupations now that he does not go more than twice in one month to the New York Central railroad station. Indeed, he is out of New York Central stock. I am told that his son George, who is just about coming to be twenty-one years old, possesses 20,000 shares of this stock, left him by his grandfather. Therefore Mr. Vanderbilt has not over 80,000 shares of New York Central. So this par would be only \$8,000,000. So we may say that he has but \$9,000,000 at present in New York Central stock.

I have inquired what he has been doing with the money he obtained by selling out his New York Central. Some say that he has bought his long line of government bonds with it. Others say that he possesses long lines of stock in the granary railroads, in the Mexican railroads, etc.

From what I hear, William Vanderbilt and his grown up sons do not always look through the same glasses. William's father left the boys large sums of money, in general, 20,000 shares apiece. This has brought them for several years past an annual income of \$160,000. But to Cornelius Vanderbilt, the old Commodore's eldest grandson, he left 60,000 shares, giving him an income of almost \$500,000 a year. These incomes, being independent of their father, the boys have used as they pleased. Cornelius, the elder son, is conservative, plain and straight. He has built himself a very noble house, but it does not show the architectural taste and quality of that of his next brother, William K., who is the positive member of the family in the third generation. Cornelius, Jr., as he is called, has very good qualities but no very dashy or innovative ones.

William K. is a positive spirit, a sort of Don Cameron, among the Vanderbilts. Don Cameron is celebrated for contradicting his father, and saying no, when the old man would say yes. William K. is the Don Cameron of the Vanderbilts. When he sits down to play poker with his father, he makes his sire ante up every time. "Father," he says, "you have not anted." "Yes, I have, William," says the old man. "I beg your pardon," says the son, "you anted last time, but not this time." Then the old man begs the son's pardon and antes up. Nevertheless, William K. is described as being ruled by his wife. His wife is a voluptuously formed woman, rather of the dark order, round and flush, and exercises that nameless power that the dark women always have over the men who come to have their fortunes told. William K. would be very much miffed if he read this notice, because he is not aware that he is governed by his wife; but that is the tradition among the Vanderbilts, and, being a faithful reporter, I must tell it.

There are four sons in the Vanderbilt household and four daughters. The four sons are Cornelius, William K., Fred and George. The four daughters, all married, are Mrs. Elliott Shepherd, Mrs. Sloane, Mrs. Twombly and Mrs. Webb. To start with the sons: Cornelius was much better put up for by his grandfather than any of the others, because he took his grandfather's name, and the old man saw more of him as he developed, than he did of the younger sons. There was an idea for some years that Cornelius was the railroad genius of the family; but recently the theory developed that William K. is more of a business man than Cornelius.

MY FIRST CIGAR.

"Twas in a quiet alley,
One glorious summer day,
I sat upon a dry goods box,
And drew and puffed away;
And as the curls smoke arose
And floated on the air,
I suddenly grew awful sick—
It was my first cigar.

I leaned across the dry goods box,
Turned almost deathly pale,
And gasped and threw up everything,
E'en to my great toe-nail;
Ah! what did I at such a time,
For smoking seem to care,
Alas! the trembling tear proclaimed
It was my first cigar.

I've swallowed gobs of castor oil,
And took pills by the score;
Been turned and twisted inside out
A dozen times or more;
But sickness I have never felt,
Which could with that compare,
When in that lonely alley
I smoked my first cigar.

Why Pringle and His Hired Girl Resigned from the Singing Society.

After two weeks of manual labor for Mr. Jonas Pringle and of unceasing toil for his wife, they succeeded in getting a hired girl, much to the satisfaction of both. The girl—Annie—is her name—came on Monday morning and among the "conditions" she made upon coming was that she should be allowed to attend singing school every Thursday evening. To this Mrs. Pringle readily assented. "And it is strange, Jonas," said Mrs. Pringle to her husband that evening at the supper table, "that both you and our new girl should belong to singing societies."

"I've heard of stranger things," said Mr. Pringle, dipping into the gravy with a piece of bread.

"Yes, but both of you go to sing on Thursday night," gleefully cried Mrs. Pringle.

"Well, what then?" queried the head of the house. "In this free country of democratic institutions there is no reason why my singing society and that of the hired girl should not meet on the same evening."

The next three days passed in domestic happiness, and the new girl proved herself a trump. Thursday evening came, and after supper Mr. Pringle dressed to go out. So did the new girl. Mr. Pringle left the house first, and on his way to the hall stopped to purchase some cigars. Emerging from the store, he noticed a well-dressed, veiled lady rapidly passing the place.

"I'll bet she good looking," remarked Pringle to himself, putting himself in motion. "She's going my way, and I guess I'll see who she is."

So Pringle, the sinner, strode along until he passed the lady, when he slackened off, giving her an opportunity to "pass in review." But the veiled Venus kept on her way, never in the least stopping to notice the bad, bold Pringle.

However, a few minutes' singing so close to the street where Pringle's singing society meets. "Wonder where she's going?" thought Pringle, and to his surprise he saw her enter the very building for which he himself was bound.

"One of the female chorus," soliloquized Pringle. "Lucky I didn't act too fresh or I might have got myself into trouble."

Pretty soon—the discussion of liquid refreshments being completed to the satisfaction of the male chorus—the musical director beat his desk with the baton and the ladies and gentlemen filed into the hall, the sexes being divided by the piano. Pringle being busy opening his music sheets did not pay much attention to his surroundings until the director said, "Ready?" Then Pringle looked up and in his female *vis-a-vis* recognized Annie, his hired girl.

What next followed Pringle did not remember. He was informed afterward that he made a sudden break for the door and ran for home like a tailor.

"What's the matter, my dear?" gasped Mrs. Pringle, noticing the perturbed look of her liege lord. "Do tell me. You almost scare me to death. Has anything gone wrong?"

"No, not much," replied Pringle, marching up and down like a drum major, "only—that that girl of ours, what's her name? Annie? Well, she belongs to my singing society."

Mrs. Pringle, much relieved, sat down. Then she laughed heartily.

"Is not that a strange thing?" demanded Pringle, still on the march.

"I've heard of stranger things," returned Mrs. Pringle, still laughing.

"But how can I sing in the same club with—our hired girl?" asked Pringle, now thoroughly exasperated.

"Well, what then?" said Mrs. Pringle, attempting to look grave. "In this free country of democratic institutions—"

"Democratic institutions, ma'am," interrupted Pringle, "he blushed. Free country indeed. A darned old sight too free. The idea of a hired girl and I singing in the same—"

Instead of finishing the sentence he tore open his desk and hurriedly wrote out his resignation from the society. Then he telephoned for a messenger boy and sent the letter to the society right away.

"Now, madam," said he to Mrs. Pringle, "I hope you are satisfied. I have quit my club for your girl, and I hope you'll pardon me if I retire for the evening."

Then he went to bed and moped.

A week passed. By the following Thursday Pringle so far got over the matter that he could joke about it.

"Well, are you going to sing to-night?" he asked Annie, as she waited at the supper table.

"No, sir," blushing replied the girl. "And why not?" demanded Pringle.

"Because I—I don't think it quite proper that I should belong to your society," said the girl, more and more confused.

"I know it is out of place for a servant, and I don't want to offend, so I resigned," said she, leaving the room and the Pringles were silent for some time. At last Mr. Pringle, scratching his head, said:

"Do you know, dear, that I am a fool?" "No you ain't," stoutly denied his wife.

"A four-ply, galvanized, steel-plated, adlebrained fool," repeated Pringle. "That girl is qualified to belong to and

blessed singing society in this town, and I'll apologize to her."

"If you do," said prudent Mrs. Pringle, "she'll want a raise of a dollar a week."

"Well, then, I won't," said Pringle, mollified. "But in this free country of democratic institutions—"

"Do you know," said Mrs. Pringle to her husband after some days had passed, "Annie tells me she also resigned from that singing society of yours because she was followed that night by some impudent fellow, and she was afraid of going out any more at night."

But Pringle held his peace.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

The Lover's Plot.

Sir George Mackenzie, who flourished in the last half of the seventeenth century, was one of the most eminent jurists ever known in Scotland, besides being a brilliant man of letters. He inherited wealth, and during his busy life he added so much to it that he became one of the wealthiest men of the time. As a politician he was self-willed and stubborn, and at times violent. Between himself and the young Earl of Bute a strong political difference existed, which neither showed a disposition to harmonize. Yet the earl had fallen deeply in love with Sir George's daughter, and the love was by her returned. The lovers knew that the stern old advocate would not consent to their union. In fact, it is doubtful if Sir George would have admitted Bute to his house as a friend. His feelings were deep and bitter, and he had been heard to denounce the earl as little better than a political renegade.

The lovers put their heads together, and consulted. They were eager to be made man and wife. Of course, the young lady could elope, and be married clandestinely, and the father could not help himself; but, ah! he could disinherit his recreant daughter, and that must not be. The damsel's prospective wealth, as heiress of her rich father, had given her not a particle of extra attraction for him; yet he did not like the idea of having his wife deprived of her just inheritance; and, naturally, he did not care to lose such a broad and grand estate, for this daughter was an only child.

At length the earl hit upon a plan, and resolved to act upon it. He visited Sir George in his chambers, while the latter held the office of king's advocate, and appealed to him for assistance.

Now, as man to man, in matters of business, or in any way not involving brotherly love, Sir George held the young earl in high esteem; and there was no man of his acquaintance whom he would have more readily assisted legally. Furthermore, the advocate had not the remotest idea that Bute either loved his daughter, or that he was familiar with her.

"Sir George," said the earl, when he was ready to open his business, "there is a young lady in this city whom I dearly and devotedly love; and she has confessed her love for me. Her father is wealthy. Now, sir, I care not for the lady's money; yet it would not be pleasant to have her father disinherit her. From this you can see that the father is opposed to our union. At all events, we fear that such is the case. Now, my dear Sir George, I know that you would not hesitate to vouch for my worthiness."

The old man nodded assent very pleasantly.

"And, sir, I think you would be willing to exert your influence in my behalf, if I should marry the lady clandestinely. Your influence would be effectual, I am sure."

And so the earl went on until he had brought Sir George not only to promise his assistance toward preventing a disinherited daughter, but so far had the keen old lawyer entered into the spirit of the thing that he desired the earl, by all means, to go ahead.

"Why," he exclaimed, forcibly, "the man must be blind, or a fool, who would reject such an alliance for his daughter—one of the oldest names in the realm, a fair share of wealth and a coronet. Go on, my lord, and I will sustain you if I can."

And the earl went ahead. That very evening he arranged with the lady, and on the following day they were privately married.

In the evening Sir George missed his daughter. He had just inquired for her, when a door was opened, and she and the Earl of Bute entered hand in hand, and advanced straight to his chair and went down on their knees.

Not a word of explanation was needed. The old advocate caught his breath, changed from a deathlike paleness to a furious flush half a dozen times, and finally gave in.

"Sir George, henceforth I shall take great pleasure in sustaining my wife's father," said the earl.

A hot response was upon the parent's lips, but he swallowed it, and gradually a sense of the absurdity of the situation possessed him, and anon he burst into a hearty laugh, and the erring children were forgiven.

DETROIT, Mich., March 31, 1882.

DR. PENNELLY, Kalamazoo:

Dear Sir—Some years ago I resolved never to give another testimonial respecting the merits of proprietary medicines, but the Woman's Friend, now Zee-Phos, is my friend because it has relieved my wife, in her last two confinements, of the unutterable agony which attended her first labor. She used the Friend for about one month previous to expecting confinement, and, to use her own language, "would not be without it, under such circumstances, for the world."

J. H. P.

N. B. The above letter is from a prominent Michigan man. To anyone wishing to write to him we will give his full address.

R. PENNELLY & CO.

MANCHESTER, Vt., Dec. 28, 1881.

I have used N. H. Down's "Elixir" for many years, and regard it as a superior remedy for coughs and colds, one that I could not well part with in my family.

JO D. HATCH, Mayor.

VARIETIES.

CHINESE puntillo is trying to meet Euro-peans, and many is rejoicing to hear of the triumph of the German Minister, Herr von Brandt, over the Tsung-li Yamen. A German ship was plundered by Chinese pirates about a year ago. The provincial authorities refused redress. The matter was brought before the Yamen and clearly proved. The German Minister then said to Wang Ta-jen—now in disgrace for bribery—"To save delay send a telegram. Letters take so long." Whereupon Wang, who did not like the duty at all, remarked:

"Impossible; not even in the darkest days of the Chon dynasty were telegrams sent. Deliberation is necessary, and the discussion between our two nations must be ceremonious. Besides, I cannot consent to agitate the minds of the local officers by a sudden order. Letters shall be prepared and sent and all will go well. Allow me to tell your Excellency that patience is a quality of the superior man."

Herr von Brandt took the lesson and bided his time. This came in the beginning of the year. A messenger arrived at the Consulate in hot haste to announce from the Yamen:

"A German frigate has landed a guard on Chinese soil at Swatow. This is an unheard-of irregularity. Be good enough to wait instantly to the captain, telling him to take himself, his guard and his frigate out of that, and the Yamen will settle the rest with you here."

To which the German Minister replied:

"To refuse the Yamen's request gives me indescribable anguish; but to send a telegram would rise from their graves to haunt me were I to do so. Besides, the nerves of a captain in the German army cannot be agitated by a telegram. No, Excellency, I cannot comply with your request. Bye and bye I shall not receive details of the Swatow case. These shall be carefully considered, and I will then deliver solemn judgment. Be patient, Ta-jen, and all will go well. Everything shall be done ceremoniously and with deliberation, as your wise men advise. Be pleased to receive the assurance of my distinguished consideration."

WHEN M. de Persigny was French Minister of the Interior, he received a visit one day from a friend, who, upon his name, was shown into the great main sanctum. A warm discussion arose between them.

Suddenly an usher entered and handed the Minister a note. On opening it he at once changed his tone of voice, and assumed a quiet and urbane manner.

Puzzled as to the contents of the note, and by the marked effect it had produced upon the Minister, his friend cast a furtive glance at it, when to his astonishment, he perceived that it was simply a plain sheet of paper, without a scratch upon it.

More puzzled than ever, the gentleman, after a few minutes' rest, left, and proceeded to interrogate the usher, to whom he was well-known, for he himself had been Minister of the Interior.

"You have," he said, "just handed to the Minister, a note, folded up, which had a most extraordinary effect upon him. Now, it was a plain sheet of paper, with nothing written upon it. What did it mean?"

"Sir," replied the usher, "here is the explanation, which I must beg of you to keep secret, for I do not wish to compromise myself."

"My master is very liable to lose his temper. As he himself is aware of his weakness, he has ordered me, each time that his voice is raised sufficiently to be audible in the ante-room, without delay to place a sheet of paper in an envelope and take it to him."

"That reminds him that his temper is getting the better of him, and that he at once calms himself. Just now I heard his voice rising, and carried out my instructions."

A DOWN-ROUSH sharper went to New York and bought a lot of potatoes, giving a check on a bank in which he had no account or no funds. Of course the check came back dishonored, and the New York men scratched their heads for some way in which to get even with their customer. At last they sent out an agent in disguise, and he visited the merchant's store and asked blandly:

"Have you any good potatoes?"

"Oh, yes, sir," very affably.

"Good ones?" "A tone not quite decided enough to show that he was eager to buy."

"Finest in the market," in a tone that showed he wanted to sell.

"Well"—very deliberately—"I don't know. I've only a good man's check to pay for them. Will you take that?"

"Certainly," and the potatoes were all sold and loaded up in a very short time. But when the agent handed the merchant his own dishonored check, jumped on the wagon and drove off with the potatoes, there was a scene from which good people turn away.

RETURNING home from a dinner party in St. Petersburg once, Prince Gortschakoff missed from the pocket of his overcoat his pocketbook, containing 30,000 rubles. He at once informed the chief of police, who assured him that the thief would be quickly hunted down. Surely enough, before a week had passed the chief restored to the Prince the entire sum of money intact, but without the pocketbook, which, he said, the thief confessed having thrown away to avoid identification. This was very well; but a day or two later Gortschakoff, putting on the same overcoat, was surprised to find in a pocket overlooked before, the missing pocketbook containing untouched the 30,000 rubles, which he really had never lost at all. The idea of restoring the stolen money to the Prince from public funds in hope of thus winning favor for zeal and efficiency, speaks words for the police officer's ingenuity, but presents a curious phase of Russian official ethics.

GEN. SHERMAN recently had some shirts made at a furnishing store in Washington, and the cutter, a few weeks later, met the General with a friend walking down the avenue. The General remembered the face, but could not locate him, and the cutter greeted him with, "Good morning, General. How are you today?"

The General stopped, shook hands, and the cutter, perceiving that the General's mind needed refreshing, said quietly:

"Made your shirts."

"Oh, I beg pardon," said the General quickly, and turning to the gentleman with whom he was talking said:

"Ah! Colonel—allow me to introduce you to my friend, Major Schurtz."

SOME children are singularly dull at the very moment when they are expected to make the best showing. A nurse in a pious family who took occasion to put her little charge through a sort of catechism every night, called in the mother on one occasion to let her see how nicely her little pupil was getting along.

"Come, now, my darling," she said, "who is it that you love better than father or mother or sister or brother—better than all the world put together?"

With a look of innocence that might have been borrowed from the angels, the Christian cherub responded:

"Pie!"

A COLONEL had his men on dress parade in Charleston, S. C. He had done his best uniform, and was riding along the line at full

speed, when a voice from the ranks cried, "Break!" The horse stopped with a plunge. The colonel was shot over his head into the dust. Shouts of laughter burst from the crowd. He arose as soon as he could, drew his sword, and swore he would give one hundred dollars to the man who would tell him who called from the ranks. Not a man would say a word. The horse had been driven in a broad-wagon in the city, and, true to his old profession, when he found a customer, wanted to stop.

THE colored man has gradually mastered the politeness of trade. A gentleman went into a little store, and remarking that he wanted ten cents worth of tobacco, handed the colored proprietor a \$20 gold piece.

"Ain't yer got nothin' smaller den dis?" "Nothin' smaller?"

"All right, boss," throwing the \$20 into the drawer. "I let yer take der backker, bein' as you look sorter homes' and yer kin drap in some time when yer's passin' an' kin git yer nineteen dollars an' ninety cents."

Chaff.

Children are like toothpicks, every man wants his own.

A fire's heart is like an omnibus—always room for one more.

Funny, isn't it, that you always see the night fall before any stars begin to shoot?

The poor man with an idea of poverty is no worse off than a rich man with a poverty of ideas.

We frequently hear the expression, "bee in a bonnet." Who ever saw a bonnet without a B in it?

The diamond is the stone for an engagement; but give us the old cobble-stone in a free fight.

"Storied earn and animated bust"—telling a lie for a dollar, and getting drunk on the proceeds.

The adjectives habitually used, like the inscriptions on a thermometer, indicate the temperature.

A child of seven or eight said that when the Bible speaks of "children's children" it must mean dolls.

No matter if the postage is reduced, it is just as much trouble to lick a two-cent stamp as a three-cent one.

A law student once defined libel as "something a man says, and afterwards wishes to goodness he hadn't."

"Gracious, wife," said a father as he looked at his son William's torn trousers, "get that libel resolved."

The sunshine of spring is beautiful, except when it rests upon the napless gloss of a well-worn broadcloth coat.

If you think nobody cares for you in this cold world, just try to learn to play the fiddle in a populous neighborhood.

The man who stepped on an hour glass thought for a minute that he was making footprints on the sands of time.

What do hens turn to at night? They then become roosters, and that is the season they lay their eggs in the daytime.

A backman went into the surf at Long Beach and encountered a huge shark. Their eyes met for a moment, when the shark blushed and swam out.

The astonished comment of the Chinaman on the first sight of cable cars, was: "Mellian man's wagon, no pusher, no puller; all same go top-side hill like flaskee!"

"I guess that girl must be the flour of the family," the young man who had been waiting with her, as he essayed to brush off the white spot on his coat sleeve.

The Arizona papers are bewailing the death of Wagner because, they say, he was the only man who ever had the nerve to start an opposition to the Pullman Car Company.

A Texas man got mad because a waiter handed him a napkin, the other day. He said he "reckoned he know'd when to use a handkerchief without havin' no hints throw'd out."

It is said that two hundred years ago the Indians took Turkish baths. Judging from the appearance of those occasionally seen about the Central Market, it might have been a thousand years ago.

The Great Eastern is soon to be sold at auction, and it is reported that David Davis has sent his measure to the owners to find out whether the vessel will be big enough for a steam yacht.

Young Slowtcock recently had cause to borrow a pair of rubber shoes, and after putting them on remarked: "They're immense; they fit me to a T;" and then he could not tell why the people smiled.

A Michigan man got ahead of a saw-log going down hill, and he says he'd never have got out of the way of it in the world if he hadn't possessed the presence of mind to imagine he was going to dinner.

When a California man sees "no cards" at the end of a marriage notice of a friend he remarks that "that girl has put some pious notion in Jim's head, but he'll get over them after he has been married awhile."

A Bowery music teacher, who has been subpoenaed a witness, testified that in five years he had taught one thousand five hundred boys to play the flute. The court immediately let the prisoner go, and sentenced the music-teacher to be hung.

CHEAPEST FASHION MAGAZINE in the world, 120 large pages, four pages new music, 1,000 engravings each issue. Fifty cents per year; single copies, 15 cents. STRAWBERRY & CLOTHIER, 8th & Market Sts., Philadelphia.

The Household.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

I had the pleasure, not long ago, of seeing Lawrence Barrett as Lanciotto in this new play, or rather revival of an old one, which he has added to his repertoire. The story of the beautiful Francesca, daughter of Guido, Lord of Ravenna, and head of the Ghibelins, has been immortalized by Dante, who describes her as rarely lovely, with changing, opalescent eyes, the most beautiful woman of her time. Lanciotto is the eldest son of Malatesta, chief of the Guelphs, and Lord of Rimini; he is a hunchback, deformed and physically repulsive, but a brave soldier, valiant and fierce in battle. The Guelphs and Ghibelins have been at feud for years, warring relentlessly upon each other, till the two chiefs, exhausted alike in revenue and troops, are at last brought to conclude a peace after the fashion of the times, by uniting their families in marriage. The scene opened in the palace garden at Rimini; Paolo, brother of Lanciotto, is drinking with his companions (copious libations of nothing, out of the pastebord stage goblets) when Paolo, the court jester, in his cap-and-bells and bauble, enters, bringing the news of the contemplated marriage and ridiculing the deformity of the bridegroom to be. Paolo, loyal to his brother, reproves the jester, and the courtiers, following his lead, do not applaud; incensing Paolo. Then comes the interview between Lanciotto and Malatesta, in which the latter divulges the scheme by which he hopes to end the wars. Lanciotto, horrified, refuses to consent to any such settlement, reminding his father of the aggressions which call for revenge, and the impossibility by conciliating, even through an alliance, those who have been so long and bitterly at

variance. He tells his father that his earliest recollection is of seeing his nurse's husband hacked to death by the Ghibelins, and that as she bent over the bleeding corpse, half mad with grief, a prophetic phrensy seemed to seize upon her, and as she crossed his brow with her finger dipped in her husband's gore, she declared the mark should never fade till the blood of Guelph and Ghibelin mingled in peace; adding that his soldiers declared that in the heat of battle that blood mark still glowed brightly. But Malatesta's arguments overcome his distaste, and he consents, only stipulating that Francesca shall be told of his deformity and that the marriage shall not take place unless she freely consents, after being informed. His father leaves him, and Paolo enters. He has set the bells ringing, but maliciously ordered a knell, instead of the merry chime of betrothal bells, and the muffled tone was well imitated by the orchestra, till drowned by the more welcome sound. With the privilege of his class, Paolo jests at the idea of wedding the most beautiful girl in Italy to a hunchback like Lanciotto, and the latter, stung to madness by quips and sneers at his repulsiveness, finally strikes the satirist, and chokes him into silence. Paolo, enraged beyond measure at the insult, the more unbearable because he feels himself despised, vows revenge, and well he keeps his word. Lanciotto declares he will not go to Ravenna to bring home his betrothed; he will not go to a strange city to be scorned because of his deformity, over which he is morbidly sensitive, and Paolo is chosen to visit the court of Guido, and be betrothed as proxy, to Francesca. Lanciotto charges him to tell her all, and he promises to do so.

At Ravenna, Guido admits to Francesca that he can no longer defend the city against the Guelphs, and that their only safety lies in the alliance. She consents, and watches from the courtyard the approach of Paolo, who comes to escort her to Rimini, where she is to be married.

She falls in love with his gallant bearing and fair face, thinking him her promised husband. Her father encourages her error, notwithstanding the advice of the cardinal, his friend, who reminds him that "deceit does not with discovery, but multiplies its brood;" and Paolo himself makes no mention of his brother, for he forgets, in presence of her beauty, that he is the substitute for another, and falls in love with her. But Ritta, the waiting-maid, though threatened with a boiling by Guido, if she reveals the truth, tells Francesca that it is not Lanciotto who has come, but his brother, but dares no mention of his personelle. Francesca, hurt, indignant, wounded alike by the treachery of her father and the coldness of the bridegroom who sends a brother to woo her, feeling that there is a mystery which she cannot penetrate, welcomes the thought of residence at Rimini, saying "for if my father betrays me, whom can I trust?" She charges Paolo with the deceit, he professes himself so confused by her beauty and grace that he forgot her questions about Lanciotto, he gives her the impression that he is another like himself, only braver, more noble, and more worthy.

In the castle at Rimini old Malatesta receives the bridal cortege from Ravenna, gives his hand to his enemy Guido, and welcomes Francesca to her home. As Paolo kneels to receive the parental blessing, the crafty count, with true Italian treachery, inquires *ad voce* the strength of the enemy's force, uttering a fervent "amen" at the reply, while Guido at the same instant, privately instructs his captain to secure a plan of the fortifications of Rimini, neither chieftain seeming to have faith in the peace which have hatched up. And Lanciotto appears to welcome his bride, Francesca, at sight of him, involuntarily recoils in fear and horror. This her betrothed, this hunchbacked dwarf, when she had expected to see a man more attractive than Paolo! Lanciotto notes her start, and instinctively feels that Paolo has been false and that her father has duped her. He questions her, and she admits the deceit that has been practiced; he generously offers to release her, and let her return to her father's house. But Guido, with ready wit reminds her of the consequences of a refusal, and too, she feels that the treachery of her father has alienated her heart, and that she can no longer love and trust him. So she gives her hand to Lanciotto, who is overjoyed, for he too, has been won by her beauty and grace, and believes himself not repulsive to her, since she will not accept her freedom. Passionately he tells her how the love that has ever been thrust back upon him, scorned and rejected because of his deformity, shall overflow upon her; he pictures a glorious future with her, princesses shall be her handmaids; and the intensity of his passion frightens her, and her eyes seek Paolo. At the close of this scene the enthusiasm of the audience was almost beyond bounds; the curtain was raised five times, and only till Barrett, grave, impassive, unsmiling, came before it, did the tempest of applause subside.

Francesca, wan, sad-eyed and pale, is led to the altar by Paolo; she knows she loves him, but thinks him indifferent or he would not permit her marriage. She asks him if he is content to have her marry his brother, and on his acquiescent reply, goes meekly to the altar. The curtain discloses the interior of the cathedral at Rimini, the high altar dressed for the ceremony, acolytes, priests, and nobles present, and Lanciotto and Francesca just turning away. Paolo notes that Lanciotto did not kiss the bride, and reminded of the omission and forced to it by the comments of those present, he kisses her. The involuntary start and shrinking back betrays to him her real feeling; he sees she has no love for him, and welcomes the armed guard who break in upon them with news of a sudden outbreak, which takes him to the battlefield with but a hasty farewell to his bride. And Francesca and Paolo, left to themselves, each loving the other, are watched by the vigilant Paolo, who hopes to be revenged on Lanciotto, whose blows he still feels, by discovering his wife's unfaithfulness. Perhaps the prettiest scene in the play is that in which, in the garden

at Rimini, bathed in the red light of the setting sun, Paolo reads to Francesca the story of Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere. The scene, the story, their mutual love, makes them forget honor and duty, and their first kiss, viewed by Paolo, paves the way for a guilty intrigue. Paolo possesses himself of Paolo's dagger, and sets out for the camp, to tell Lanciotto the news. A shifting scene discloses the soldier, in the glow of the same sunset which shone upon the lovers at Rimini, alone in a rocky pass, leaning on his sword and thinking of Francesca, whom he loves most passionately. To him enters Paolo, breathless and exhausted, to tell the news he knows will prove so bitter. Lanciotto hears him, or seems to hear him, with unheeding ears, as if giving no credence to his tale, though the convulsively clasped hands and swelling veins betray the mighty effort at self control. Suddenly his passion exceeds all bounds, and though feeling the force of Paolo's words, he cannot bear them and stabs the informer who has so cruelly stabbed his heart. Paolo's last act is to hand him Paolo's dagger and tell him that his brother sought his life, dying with the lie and a laugh upon his lips. Lanciotto mounts and rides to Rimini "five leagues away," resolved to know the truth from his wife and brother. He finds them together in Francesca's boudoir. Loving each other with all the passion of the warm Italian temperament, thoughts of the wronged husband and brother embitter their happiness. "And have I, then, no remorse at thought of Lanciotto," exclaims Francesca, but love conquers, and as Paolo clasps her in his arms, Lanciotto, who has entered unperceived, sternly interposes, to their confusion. And here we have a bit of exquisite acting, in which

